


FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

JULY 1955

20 CENTS

Chatelaine



The Four Fears that Prey on Women

By Dr. MARION HILLIARD

The Clothes We Chose
for MARILYN BELL



Recess for "TIME OUT WITH WESTON'S"

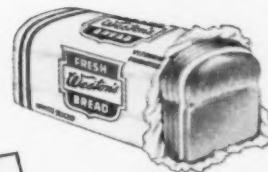
History is put aside—algebra forgotten as a young student enjoys a welcome "time out" with a plateful of Weston's Chocolate Delights and a cold glass of milk.

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Dr. Marion Hilliard routs woman's greatest menace—fear.

SOMETIMES, reading the host of articles beamed at women in this modern age—articles that spell out our all-encompassing duties as wives, mothers, career women and individuals—we wonder how any of us manage to remain sane, unruffled, functioning human beings at all. When you add the burden of old wives' tales about our physical functions that have been handed down, you'd think most of us would end up on a psychiatrist's couch, quivering blobs of frustration, fear and guilt complexes.

A most vigorous cleaner-out of those cobwebby corners is Dr. Marion Hilliard, chief of the service of obstetrics and gynecology at Women's College Hospital in Toronto. This month she attacks—and routs—The Four Fears that Prey on Women, page 9. "Fear is woman's greatest menace," she says, having disposed, in the April issue, of woman's greatest blessing, the menopause, and woman's greatest enemy, fatigue, the first of last year.

One way to banish useless fears, of course, is to be too busy to dwell on them and here Dr. Hilliard practices what she preaches. She is one of a score of busy men and women who raised more than four million dollars under the chairmanship of C. L. Burton in little more than a year for the Women's College Hospital expansion fund. The addition to the hospital is still being built. But completed in all its spic-and-span glory, right down to the specially curved carpets in the lounge, is a new nurses' residence and school, Burton Hall. For the first time since 1915 the hospital now has adequate teaching and residence facilities for its nurses, three of whom you see above, smiling happily in the modern entrance-way behind Dr. Hilliard. Dr. Hilliard, as usual, turned the fee she received for her Chatelaine article over to the building fund.

Mothers who find bringing up children takes all their time and energy can take hope from our beautiful author, Audrey De Graff. She wrote the sensitive novelette about two teen-agers in "Their Secret World" on page 16, and in case her photograph misleads you into thinking this is still her youthful world, we add that she is the quite grown-up mother of three lively sons. Mrs. De Graff, who is married to an attorney in Albany, has been writing and selling since the early age of eight—and this includes four novels published in her extreme youth. Their Secret World will help you, we think, to remember your own and to understand that of your sons and daughters.



Another outstanding feminine example of the busier-you-are-the-more-you-can-do school is that tireless champion of good causes, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Just turned seventy, she still has a fund of inexhaustible energy, and bounced across the border not long ago to fill Toronto's Massey Hall to the rafters for the United Nations. We were invited to meet Mrs. Roosevelt and fell under her straightforward natural spell immediately, like a school kid shaking hands with Ted Kennedy.

On second thoughts, we're not ashamed of our enthusiasm. It's good to feel an uncomplicated admiration for a person and their accomplishments occasionally, unhampered by carping doubts and petty criticism. Mrs. Roosevelt

has stood courageously for the things she believes in all her life and suffered more than her share of slanderous arrows for so doing. She is still fighting those overweight foes of intolerance, ignorance and bigotry with reasoned logic, quiet persuasion and a gentle humor, sometimes barbed with a sharp irony. Hate and fear, she thinks, are bred by lack of knowledge and she is doing her share to dispel them. Her Toronto lecture was one of an unending series she is giving across the North American continent and she, like Dr. Hilliard, donated her fees here. They will aid the UNESCO fund for spreading knowledge in other lands.



Some forty women members and friends of the Woodhouse Institute of Norfolk County, Ontario, traveled up to Chatelaine Institute recently in search of another kind of knowledge, also important, on how to be better homemakers. Chatelaine Institute staff members obligingly put on a demonstration of their kitchen and laundry equipment, with emphasis on the testing of fabrics. We, as well as the visitors, were impressed by the fact that feather pillows and comforters can be laundered in a machine with safety and dispatch. Marie Holmes, Institute director, had enough energy left over after two hours of questioning to serve tea to the group, pictured above. ♦

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Vol. 28 No. 7

Cool and calm as a cameo—our cover model wears royal blue, important for summer, in a new delicate leaf print. Dress by Sam Sherkin. Color photograph by Desmond Russell.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

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YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine



It Had To Be Said

Your article, Give the Childless Couple a Break (by Eileen Morris, May), said so much that has so long needed to be said! The typical remarks quoted at its beginning have always seemed to me to be in the worst possible taste, and I feel your author was more than lenient when she dubbed them "kindly meant."—Mrs. Helen E. Amos, Sarnia.

Two Soft Answers to Hard Water

The water is very hard here. What can I do to overcome it?—Mrs. C. S. White, Brantford.

The best way is to install a water-softener unit, which provides soft water throughout the house and cuts down the amount of soap and detergent needed for housework and bathing. If this is not possible buy a packaged powdered water softener at your hardware or grocery store and add it to water as you use it. Ask for a sodium phosphate water conditioner.

This Make-up Is Light and Quick

Could you give me make-up hints to fit in with my rather hectic schedule, which includes caring for a five-month-old baby and a part-time nursing job?—Mrs. Charlotte Heal, Fredericton.



In the morning when you get up rinse your face in warm water, then smooth on a light, tinted liquid foundation. Follow with a dusting of powder and a bright lipstick—painted on with a brush and blotted.

This make-up should last all day, until you renew it for evening. At night before going to bed, cleanse your face with a fine pure oil followed with skin freshener. Soak a pad of cotton wool with freshener and pat it lightly over your face. If your skin feels tight and dry smooth in a little night cream.

Blessings Can Be Maddening

As an active (and fed-up!) participant for the past five years or more in what I hope will eventually turn out to be "My Greatest Blessing," may I suggest as a subtitle to Dr. Hilliard's article (The Menopause is Woman's Greatest Blessing, April) in case of a reprint the words, "My Most Maddening Metamorphosis!"—Marion A. Sawyer, Bedford, Que.

... Although I am at least twenty-five to thirty years away from this period in a woman's life cycle, I found your article the most enlightening piece of reading I have come across in some time. I have shown it to some of my girl friends and they agree with me. Now we can understand what our mothers and older friends are going through and what we will be going through in future years. I was wondering if I could have one (or if possible, three) copy of a reprint of this article.—Helen M. Szarga, Toronto.

Reprints of Dr. Hilliard's article may be obtained by writing to the Editor, Chatelaine. Enclose ten cents for each reprint.

More letters on next page

Send your comments and your questions to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. All letters must be signed, but, where requested, names will not be published on personal questions.



SAFETY is a far greater problem now!

MAYBE you have memories of scenes like the one above when the "horseless carriage" was just beginning to roll along our roads and streets. You may remember, too, how careful the drivers were ... and how everyone took precautions to avoid accidents with the new and wonderful machines.

Automobile safety was important then, but it is far more so now. This is because the modern car is such a sensitive and powerful machine ... and because today our streets and highways are crowded with over three million four hundred thousand registered motor vehicles. Furthermore most city streets were laid out when horse-drawn vehicles were the principal means of transportation.

Safe motoring is, of course, vital the year round if the toll of lives from motor vehicle accidents is to be reduced. That toll now amounts to about 3,000 fatalities a year.

During the summer, motorists on weekend outings or long distance touring are especially tempted to be careless. Such drivers are frequently in a hurry to reach their destinations, and often try to crowd too much mileage into too little time.

This get-there-quick urge may lead to dangerous situations ... and rob motoring of its fun. So, before you get behind the wheel this summer, would it not be a good idea to take a look at your driving habits? Here is a quiz that you can take. Your score may determine how safe you, your family and others on the road will be.

10 Points for Each Question—Perfect Score 100		Your Score
1.	Are your brakes in proper working order?	
2.	Do you carefully observe all traffic regulations, particularly about speed?	
3.	Do you watch movements of other cars and try to anticipate what their drivers will do?	
4.	Do you always stop driving when you feel fatigued or ill?	
5.	Do you drive with extra caution when pedestrians, especially children, are about?	
6.	Do you keep in line when nearing the top of a hill or a sharp turn?	
7.	Do you lower your speed as darkness approaches so you can stop within the distance illuminated by your headlights?	
8.	Do you have your car checked before starting on a long trip?	
9.	Do you give other motorists a break by signaling in ample time before stopping or changing direction?	
10.	Are you familiar with the distances required to bring your car to a stop at various rates of speed?	

Every time you take the wheel ... remind yourself that your driving is, at the moment, your most important responsibility. Then you will be doing your part to make our streets and highways less hazardous.

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YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine*

CONTINUED

With All Care, Jars Still Spoil

I am well aware of all the necessary sterilization of jars, rubbers, rings, preparation of fruit, etc., and yet with all my care and caution each year some of my jars spoil. Can you help me?—*Alice B. Tobias, Fonthill, Ont.*

Since you take all the usual precautions, here are two points to consider:

1. Results are better when small quantities are canned at one time. Prepared fruit deteriorates more rapidly when canning procedure is lengthened with large quantities. Also, processing temperature is regained more slowly when many jars go into the water bath or oven at the same time.
2. The second point is the unconscious habit many people have of testing to make sure jars are sealed after they have cooled and are being stored. As you know, the seal is completed as soon as the jars have been removed from oven or water bath. In the case of screw-top jars, tighten the screw tops as the jars are taken from the processor, allow them to cool and place on storage shelves WITHOUT ANY FURTHER TIGHTENING OF THE METAL RING. Trying to turn the ring at this stage is likely to break the seal.

Chatelaine Credits



Just a wee note to say how much I enjoy your magazine . . . I would have entered the makeover contest last fall but for the lack of a full-length snap. Fifty Family Favorites

I applaud loudly, I have tried several and all excellent.—*Mrs. Jeannette Holm, Arborg, Man.*

. . . I often wonder, Mr. Editor, if we ever adequately tell people like Mrs. Aitken and Dr. Robertson how much we appreciate the contribution they make to the welfare of our community. In closing I would like to say how much those of us who live in basic suits appreciate the style tips of our glamorous Rosemary Boxer.—*May Robinson, Toronto.*

The Wedding's at Night

I shall be a guest at a formal evening (7 p.m.) wedding this month. What is the correct thing to wear?—*Mrs. Donald R. Kemp, Burlington, Ont.*

A décolleté cocktail dress or a short evening dress, in a formal fabric such as lace, organza, *broderie anglaise*, would be perfect. A strapless, full-skirted dress with matching jacket is a good choice, as you can remove the jacket for the reception and dancing (if any) after the ceremony. You will of course need to wear a hat—a very small cocktail hat.

Living and Dining Tie-in

Our living-room rug is patterned with a wine background and our three-piece chesterfield suite is turquoise. I need a wall color that will not clash with the dining area which is done in rosewood with a white ceiling. The furniture is blond.—*Mrs. H. Bolstad, Nakusp, B.C.*

On your walls use soft pale turquoise. This should tie in beautifully with your chesterfield suite, which perhaps is deeper and brighter, and at the same time will not clash with your dining area. It should prove a wonderful foil for your light-colored furniture.

Are Slip Covers the Answer?

We have recently moved into a new home in the suburbs and I would like to change our sectional furniture. We have four pieces in grey. Would it cost more to sell it and buy something new than to make slip covers for it?—*Mrs. Henri Bernier, Hull.*

Rarely, when selling furniture, do you get back half the amount of money you originally spent. If the springs and construction of your sectional pieces are still in good condition by all means slip-cover them.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (page 1), Eaton's Commercial Studio (1), John Sebert (1), Peter Croydon (5, 21, 22, 24, 25), Toronto Telegram (18), H. Armstrong Roberts (52).

Let's Talk About Your House

WITH DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Look at Your Home Like a Stranger



In our homes we are apt to take familiar things for granted and overlook simple changes that would improve appearance and convenience. For ten years friends of mine scrambled under the kitchen table to plug in the toaster for breakfast. One morning the inconvenience hit home. As the table had to sit where it was, Jack brought a cord up the wall, under the table top and built an outlet into what had been the cutlery drawer. Perhaps all you need to do is to rearrange the furniture so you can cross the room without bumping shins, or put a fresh arrangement over the mantel in place of those tired candles. Take a second look at your house but don't let habit prevent your home from looking its best.

Covers for bookworms

Here's an interesting and practical way to prevent shelves of brilliantly colored book jackets from crowding a small room. Cover them with a durable material that blends with the wall color, such as heavy plasticized wallpaper or inexpensive cotton fabric. Measure each book and cut the material to allow a generous turn-in flap. If you are using cloth allow for seams. The titles can be printed on paper and stuck to the jacket with cellulose tape or printed on the cloth with laundry ink.

Lampshade cleanup

Here's a tip a lamp manufacturer gave me on cleaning plastic lampshades. After rinsing or washing don't wipe them dry. Rubbing plastic increases the static which draws dust particles and makes them stick. Instead let the shade drip dry. This also applies to plastic curtains, utensils, and kitchen chairs.

Eyesore to asset

Ugly overhead pipes in a basement recreation room pose a weighty problem. We can't ignore them so why not turn them into a whimsical decorative scheme by painting them in colors that contrast with the color scheme?

Color scheme of the month

With outdoor eating and lighter meals, summer is a good time to redecorate the dining room. To add color and interest to your dining room try this scheme. Use a medium greyed green for the wall and woodwork, a color I find particularly flattering to all wood tones. The ceiling should be white with a little of the wall color mixed in and the rug a deeper shade of green than the walls. White background draperies with a pattern in several shades of green are fresh without dazzling, while the dining-chair seats are covered with a gold-colored tweed. If you are purchasing a new lighting fixture choose one in brass. A large brass dish or wicker basket painted gold to match the chairs and filled with greenery or fruit (see photo) makes the table centerpiece. For an accent paint a tray trestle deep rust. ♦



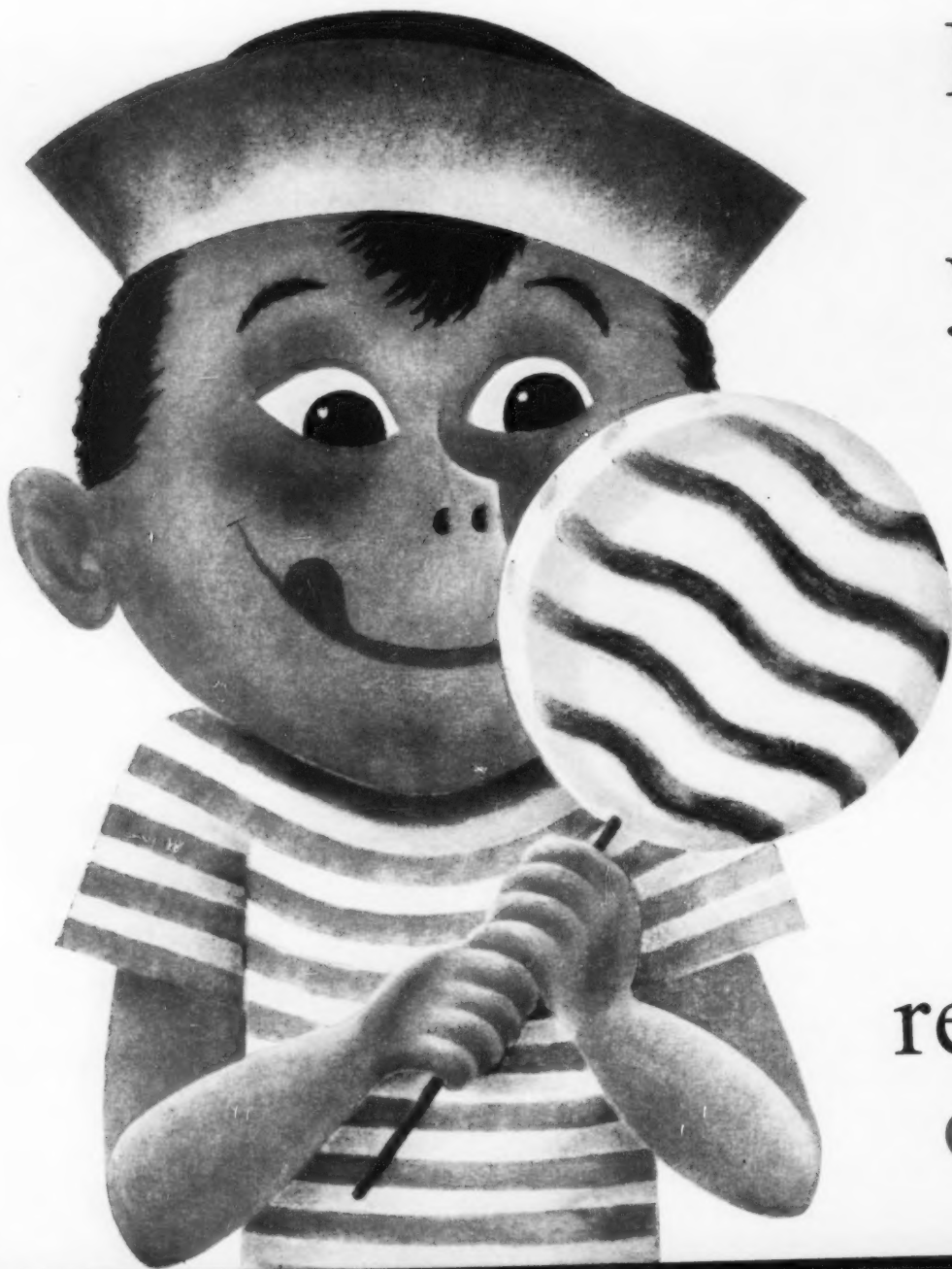
Brand new...and luscious! Christie's "Tea Rose Sandwich!"

If you've been looking for a biscuit that's *different*—Christie's "Tea Rose Sandwich" is it! This luscious new sandwich biscuit is *sweet but very short* and has a rich creamy filling. You'll love every tasty, teasing, mouth-watering bite—and so will your friends. Tomorrow, serve these delectable new biscuits with your desserts, beverages or as a snack anytime.

Serving ice cream? That calls for Fig Newtons!

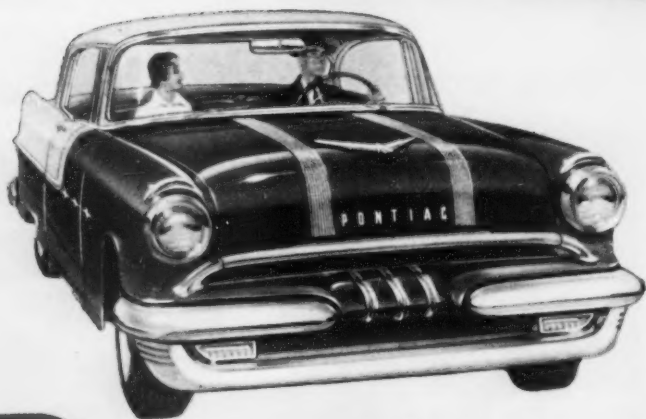
Christie's scrumptious Fig Newtons are tender golden cake with rich fig jam filling! Serve with drinks, fruit, *any* refreshment—everybody loves 'em!





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Memo from Rosemary



STEP LIGHTLY THROUGH THIS SUMMER'S HEAT



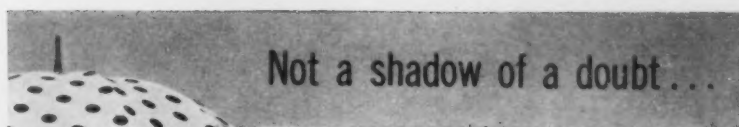
Heat, sultry and sizzling, beats down from a cloudless blue sky; burns up from hot, baked pavements. Feet, sore and aching, turn nice, gentle people into bad-tempered cranks. It's a painfully familiar story, and one that has creased many a fair complexion and wrecked many a promising romance. It might, as the saying goes, happen to you. But, although the sun is beyond control, the comfort of your feet is not. If you follow the advice laid out below, the foot-searing agony and its unfortunate consequences need mean no more to you than so many words on a page.

Care and comfort . . . Feet, like willing horses and poor relations, are often abused yet remain touchingly grateful for even the smallest attention. To begin with, bathe them daily and give them the stimulating attention of a scrubbing brush and lots of lather. Towel them thoroughly dry, never neglecting between the toes, and send them on their way with a dusting of talc or boracic powder. So much for daily care. Now for some extras. Feet that are tired and aching will sigh with relief if you soak them long and luxuriously in warm water laced with one tablespoonful of Epsom salts. If they have swollen protestingly, plunge them alternately into hot and cold water; then lie down with them propped higher than your head. It stirs up their circulation. Same treatment for perspiring feet, with the added benediction of a foot balm and antiseptic powder. A cologne rubdown anytime is to them what an ice-cold drink is to you. And every pair of feet has the right to a weekly pedicure, full-scale: nails filed straight across, with the corners rounded; cuticles worked back and cleaned with an orange stick and cuticle cream; brisk massage with a lanolin-base hand cream and, finally, two coats of nail polish, bright or colorless. Any serious troubles that crop up—corns, warts, bunions and so on—should be taken straight to a chiropodist. No home surgery, please.

For strong, healthy feet . . . Exercise. Certainly, they get plenty every day, but it's the wrong variety if your posture is bad or your shoes are unkind. To strengthen arches and muscles: 1. Clutch a pencil in the toes of each bare foot, hold it and walk round the room. 2. Point the toes and rotate the foot from the ankle, first in one direction and then the other. 3. Tiptoe, barefooted, about the room. Keep your weight on the outer ball of each foot (give your little toe some work to do) and bounce along, letting the heel bob down and touch the floor lightly at each step.

Shoe rules . . . Allow a third of an inch between the end of the shoes and the tip of your big toe (this goes for stockings, too). The shoe should fit closely under the arch, without bagging or gaping at the sides. The back of the shoe should clasp your heel firmly at each side, but the top edge should not bite into the back of your heel. It should not pinch across the tread, or ball of the foot. Avoid a low-cut vamp if your foot is broad, and give weak arches the special arch supports they need.

And when the sun shines, the sky is blue and the day stretches lazily ahead, remember your feet. Throw away your shoes and pad about barefooted on warm sand or fresh green grass. Wriggle your toes at the sun and let them soak up warmth and fresh air too. They'll love it. +



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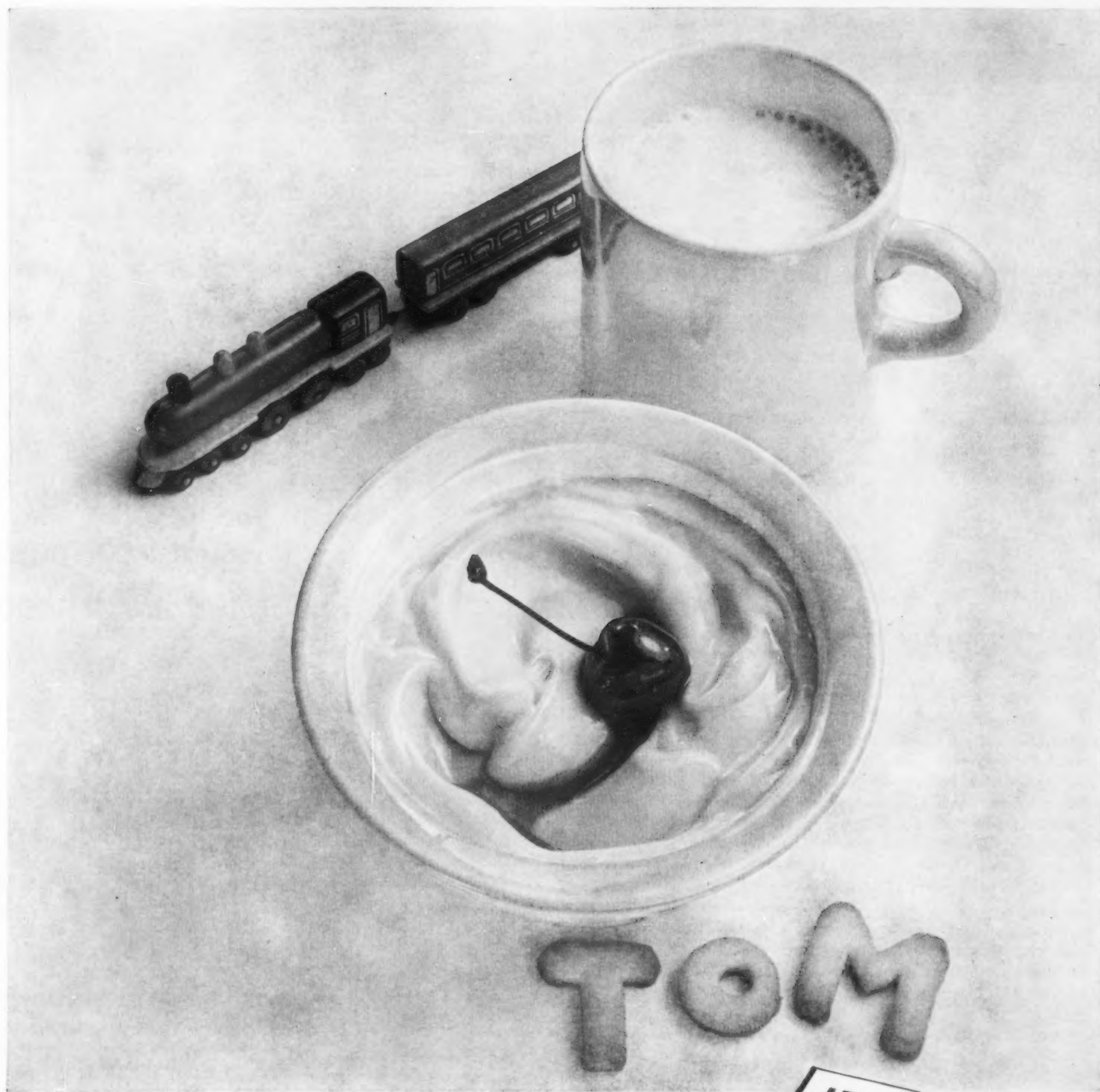
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Chocolate
Vanilla

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THE FOUR FEARS THAT PREY ON WOMEN

Fear is woman's greatest menace, says this noted doctor.

Every woman is likely to face one of the four great fears in her lifetime.

*Her best solution to this common medical problem is to admit it exists,
for she has nothing to fear but the fear itself*

By DR. MARION HILLIARD

*Chief of the Service of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Women's College Hospital, Toronto
Dr. Hilliard has given her fee for this article to her hospital's building fund.*

LATE ONE afternoon a few weeks ago a patient sat on the edge of a chair in my office, gripping her purse tightly and looking everywhere but at my face. "Doctor," she began in a taut voice, "I'm afraid I'm pregnant."

A feeling of the familiarity of the words, the expression on her face, the held-down hysteria in her manner swept over me. In twenty-five years of practice as an obstetrician and gynecologist, I have listened to thousands of women who are afraid—afraid of having a baby, afraid of cancer, afraid of old age, afraid even of menstruation. Sometimes they will admit they are afraid and these are the easiest to help. The women who break a doctor's heart are those who insist gaily that nothing is bothering them, nothing at all, while terror sits in their eyes.

Doctors have known for a long time that fear is a medical problem. It causes, in the beginning, a variety of physical disturbances ranging from an irregularly beating heart to indigestion; some researchers think that over a long period of time the stress of fear can lead to heart trouble and possibly even cancer. In addition to the havoc it causes in the human body, fear strangles personality, murders logic, humor and the ability to love. A woman swamped by fear functions badly, moving tensely about her home or job and flying into teary rages over spilled cereal or crumpled carbon paper. I've thought a lot about fear and I've come to a conclusion that fear is woman's greatest menace. It can defeat her, mind and body; it is as corrosive as acid and comes in a hundred shapes and sizes.



All human beings suffer from the blight of fear—fear of failure, fear of appearing a fool, fear of high places, fear of darkness. These all are acquired fears; humans are born with only two fears, the fear of a loud noise and the fear of a sudden release of support.

In our childhoods we learn the helpful fears, such as fear of fire and fear of falling. We also learn unhelpful fears, such as fear of meeting important people and fear of being unwanted.

Women share all these fears with men but they have an added problem, fear of their own bodies. Some women are ill at ease with their bodies and those changes which nature causes within them. They distrust and fear the processes of female evolution. This is the fear with which I want to deal.

I thought of this as I examined my new patient and discovered that she would be having her first baby in little more than six months.

"You said," I remarked casually, "that you are afraid you are pregnant. What's bothering you?"

"I don't know," she answered. Her gaze slid away from mine. "I don't know, I just don't know."

We talked. The woman was young, healthy, happily married. Her home was large enough for the baby and her husband was secure in a good job. "You see," she finished with an embarrassed shrug, "I have no good reason for being upset about this baby. I just feel . . . well . . . trapped."

Trapped is a good word for the

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The Incredible Pioneer Women of the West

By Doris McCubbin

AS ALBERTA AND SASKATCHEWAN CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEES, CHATELAINE SALUTES THE WOMEN WHO IN THIS CENTURY, BY THEIR COURAGE AND FAITH, MADE THE WEST A HOMELAND

WOMEN," stated a professor of English I talked to at the University of Saskatchewan, "were unimportant in the development of the West. The men were the adventurers who opened up the country. The women just trailed along after them." And to emphasize his point he thumped his knuckles on a heavy volume of history filled with facts of achievement—rivers discovered, land titles filed, cities incorporated.

But the professor was wrong. It's true that the women did trudge along after their men into the vast empty bowl of the Great Central Plain, and few history books bother to say that they were there at all. But if they hadn't had the courage to follow the men, the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, instead of celebrating a jubilee this year, would probably still be a rough, uncivilized frontier. For it was the women who tamed the frontier the men had conquered and turned it into a homeland.

These pioneer women weren't really very well prepared to cope with the harsh, womanless land they came to—not nearly as competent as the Indian girls many of the first white men married. They were shaped like tea cosies with too many petticoats and too much hair. They had no idea of how to stop a runaway team of oxen, fight a prairie fire or persuade an Indian to take a batch of newly baked biscuits and leave the baby unharmed.

But incredible adventurers that they were, they set out in swaying prairie schooners, bringing with them a set of china or perhaps a canary to make a home in a sod shack with a dirt floor. They learned to mix their own whitewash, make their own vinegar, yeast and baking powder.

When the precious and expensive coal oil gave out they made a smoky light by twisting a rag around a penny in a saucer of grease. When wood was scarce, they burned buffalo chips. Wood ashes were hoarded to be soaked for lye to make soap. They tamed wild geese for feathers for ticks and pillows.

There were lots of hardships no one had warned them about. They endured drought that seared the land and winds that caught it up and dusted it lightly over everything from the ivy they were training in the window to the baby's cradle. Many times at night they waited fearfully for their men to come home in a prairie blizzard. But worse than all these things was the solitude. Caught between the emptiness of the flat, tanned earth and the blank sky, some of them went mad.

Perhaps what the others endured and survived wasn't important in the opinion of fact-bound historians. The things they brought to the prairie—like clean sheets, the smell of homemade bread, Sunday church service, and a precious store of courage and companionship—are hard to record in history books. But the West rewarded them in more significant ways. Manitoba was the first Canadian province to give women the vote. Alberta was the first province to elect a woman to the legislature and appoint a woman as a juvenile court commissioner. In 1916 Alberta appointed the first woman police magistrate in the British Empire.

The history books snubbed them and there are no monuments in any park, no streets named after them. What they did is recorded with love, warmth and excitement—not in dull history books—but in treasured family albums, in ribbon-bound packets of letters and in granddaughters' proud memories of their brave, incredible and important pioneer grandmothers. ♦



Illustrations by Harold Town



Indians planned to kidnap the children of Mrs. George McDougall, wife of the first Protestant missionary in Alberta. Years after she left the mission an Indian chief told her how he and his braves had crouched in the woods near the mission watching the family gardening. They planned to kill the parents and steal the children but at the last minute they got scared. Mrs. McDougall and her seven children had followed her missionary husband into the wilds of northern Alberta in 1862, twelve years before the Mounties arrived. At Victoria, eighty-five miles east of Edmonton, they built the first mission. They lived in buffalo tepees the first year, and then they built an eight-room log house. Often while her husband and her oldest son, John (shown here with his mother and her grandson, Morley) went back for supplies, she was left alone with the younger children. Sometimes Indians would whoop around the mission for days in blood-curdling war councils. But she

persuaded her savage neighbors to let her nurse them in illness, singlehandedly fought off a smallpox epidemic, in which two of her own daughters died, and pinch-hit at preaching when her husband was away. She even organized a women's missionary society for her dark-skinned sisters, holding strange little meetings with a sewing circle of squaws alternating singing with praying. Once Mrs. McDougall woke up in the middle of the night to find a half-naked Indian standing at the head of her bed, rifling through her dresser. But Indians played no part in the bitterest tragedies of her life. In 1876 her husband had a heart attack on a winter hunting trip and froze to death. He wasn't found until two weeks later. After this tragedy Mrs. McDougall went east with her youngest son. Soon after they returned west to homestead, he was drowned on a cattle-buying trip to the U. S. She lived on alone with a granddaughter until she died herself in 1904 at eighty-four.



While Louis Riel's men searched her father's house, Jean Drever coolly sat embroidering, although she knew she had Loyalist guns hidden in her workbasket. Born at Lower Fort Garry, the daughter of a pioneer, she used to play the hymns for church on a melodeon the family owned. One Sunday in 1868 she met the Rev. Cyprian Pinkham who had arrived in Winnipeg to preach. They were married two months later. As there was no jewelry store in Fort Garry, her husband had a tinsmith cut out a wedding ring from a five-dollar gold piece. She wore it until the day she died seventy-two years later. She traveled all over the West with her husband in the 1880s. In 1889 the Pinkhams came to Calgary. Mrs. Pinkham organized the Women's Hospital Society and it was largely due to her work that Calgary's first hospital was built. She was also the first regent of the IODE in Calgary, presided at the first meeting of the local Council of Women and helped organize the Victorian Order of Nurses in Calgary. She died in 1940 at ninety-one.

Braving blizzards with a baby on her back in a moss bag, Elizabeth Matheson was the first woman doctor in the Northwest Territories. The wife of a missionary at Onion Lake in northern Saskatchewan, she once traveled seventy-five miles on a lumber wagon in the dead of winter with her three-months-old baby to set an Indian boy's leg. But most of the time she got around on horseback taking along whatever child—of her nine children—was too small to leave behind. She often camped in the snow, slept in trappers' cabins, dared the threat of bush fires and fought recurring epidemics of diphtheria and smallpox singlehanded. As Elizabeth Scott, she had been a medical student at Kingston in 1887 but threw up her course to go to India as a missionary. But before she left she had met Rev. J. R. Matheson, a huge, handsome man who had been a great athlete, horse trader and poker player in his youth and had been

converted at forty to become a missionary. When Elizabeth returned from India in 1891 she married him, although he was eighteen years her senior. They went to Onion Lake to establish a mission. Soon they were both convinced a doctor was badly needed. Elizabeth took her two babies and went back to medical school. The first year she had to stop because her third child was born. But the next year she did two years in one and graduated a year later. In 1905 a hospital was built at the mission and her two eldest daughters helped as nurses. In 1918 she was appointed medical inspector of the Winnipeg public schools. In 1948, when she was eighty-two, the University of Toronto gave her an honorary degree. She lives part time in Texas, and in Regina with a daughter, Mrs. G. F. Buck.



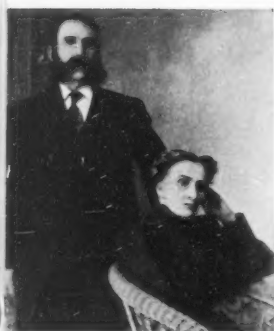


The Swiss Family Robinson of the West was the Shaws who established the first manufacturing plant in the prairies at Midnapore, which is a sleepy little town hardly noticeable on the edge of Calgary. The Shaws came west from London, England, in 1883 with thirty tons of woolen machinery, and eight children. They also brought the equipment for a homemade telegraph, shoemaking tools, chemicals for home photography, sixteen guns, medical supplies and food for two years. They set up the telegraph

between the mill and a tailoring shop Mrs. Shaw ran in town. Well-to-do English people, they decided to emigrate in the late 1870s. When they came to the end of steel at Swift Current they got four prairie schooners and ten oxen and continued right on. They had originally intended to homestead in the Peace River country but in southern Alberta they came to a ranch run by a man called Glen who was so pleased to see people he gave them free land just to get them as neighbors. The Mounties weren't so friendly. They thought they might be whisky smugglers and made them unload all four wagons to prove they weren't. They lived in a huge old-country marquee until they got a house built. While they were at it they also put up a log school and their eldest daughter took over as schoolteacher. Two years later they were flooded out and moved everything to higher ground. They operated the mill until 1905. Some of their best customers were gold-rush miners on their way to the Klondike who stopped in Calgary to stock up on blankets and shirts made by the Shaws. Mr. Shaw became postmaster because Glen couldn't read or write, and the Shaw house was a famous stopping place between Calgary and the ranchlands to the south. After twenty years of operation the Shaws finally sold the woolen mill. Mrs. Shaw died in Calgary in 1941 at the age of ninety-four.

The Incredible Pioneer Women of the West CONTINUED

THEY SEWED AND BAKED AND THE CHILDREN THEY BORE MADE THE WEST A PART OF CANADA



A three-month trip that turned into a forty-year stay brought Mary Ellen Thomson out to Saskatchewan in 1885. Her sister had hired a maid to come west with her from Alliston, Ont., to the young temperance colony of Saskatoon. But the woman, hearing of the Riel rebellion, had refused at the last minute. The sister wrote to Mary Ellen urging her to accompany her to the "Great North West." Mary Ellen didn't know what the Great North West was but she said she'd go anyway. She told her mother she would be home in two or three months, but she didn't get back for forty years. Still alive at ninety-one, Mrs. Andrews

recalls, "I had a wonderful time in those days." She had dozens of beaux and taught all the young men for miles around how to dance. One day she started to milk what she thought was her sister's cow. The cow was being very difficult. A big man with a handlebar mustache came along and said, "Lady, that's not your cow." Later romance blossomed when she met him at a neighborhood dance and discovered he was a dashing steamboat captain, Shelton Andrews, who ran ferries on the Saskatchewan. In 1890 she remembers a diphtheria epidemic in which all the houses had yellow flags flying. Once when the river was about to break up in the spring her husband said he just had to cross to get to town. They barely got back when the ice broke. Feeling she had missed death by seconds, she asked him, "What was so important?" "I needed tobacco," he said. The Andrews, who were posed for this photograph around 1900, homesteaded where St. Paul's Hospital stands now. This year Mrs. Andrews was honored by being chosen from seventeen candidates to be Saskatoon's Citizen of the Year.

One of the most colorful women of the West, as well as its first newspaperwoman and poetess, was Kate Simpson-Hayes, who is better known under her pseudonym of Mary Markwell. A tall, dramatic woman, she did an unheard-of thing in the 1870s. In 1879 she left her husband and took her two children out west to make her own way. At first she worked as governess. Then in the 1880s she came to Regina and became the first woman reporter on the paper. She became a great friend of the editor, Nicholas Flood Davin, and their romance rocked the little community. Davin was an MP and under Kate's influence he was one of the first men to advocate votes for women in

the House of Commons. Later Kate left the paper to become the first librarian of the legislative library and still later she taught school. During this time she organized "Penny Readings" in the town hall on Saturday night and got the Mounties to supply music. Tennyson's nephew was one of the people who took part. Admission was ten cents. She worked to get Regina's first literary and musical society started. She wrote a play in 1890 and an operetta in 1895. She published *Prairie Potpourri* in 1894 and, to boost sales, sold it in a tent at a territorial exhibition at a dollar a copy with her autograph as a bonus. Then she published *Legend of the West* and *Derby Day* in the



Yukon which she brought out under the pseudonym of Yukon Bill. It was so salty that when Robert W. Service found out she had written it, he wrote her, "How you kept up the masculine beats me." After she left Regina she wrote for the *Winnipeg Free Press* and then she became publicity agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. She was a charter member and first president of the Canadian Women's Press Club. She died on Vancouver Island in 1945 at the age of eighty-eight.



The first woman to pass through Calgary was the wife of John McDougall, the West's most famous missionary and the oldest son of the Rev. George McDougall. An Ontario girl called Lizzie Boyd, she met and married John McDougall in 1872. They came overland one thousand miles, she driving a buggy and her husband riding beside it. It took them seventy-two days. Every day she baked ten bannocks the size of dinner plates for their meal the next day. It was nine months before she got mail from home and seven years before she saw an apple again. At Morley where she and her husband established a mission, she lived in a sod shack with parchment windows. The McDougalls labored at Morley for twenty-six years. Once she sheltered a band of Blackfeet while her husband was away. They came back later to raid the mission but some friendly Stoneys came to her rescue. Another time while she was alone at the mission with her sister-in-law, Mrs. David McDougall, a Blackfoot warrior suddenly appeared in the doorway. Mrs. David McDougall held him off with a gun and sang to him to distract him while Mrs. John McDougall went through the window for help. Finally the Indian grabbed a red dress from the bottom of the baby's cradle and left. Mrs. McDougall had five sons and one daughter. She also mothered two girls of Rev. John McDougall's first wife who died of smallpox. She had been the daughter of Rev. Henry Steinhauer, the first Indian missionary in the West. Mrs. John McDougall was responsible for Calgary's first church. She had Indians build it and float it down the Bow River.



The woman who started Saskatchewan's correspondence schools for high-school students was also one of the province's pioneer women who came west with her widowed mother, two sisters and three brothers in 1889. People in Regina still remember Catherine Sheldon-Williams as a little old lady with a pince-nez, a gold chain and long skirts, who used to ride a bicycle she called Eustace and hand packages of sandwiches to bus drivers because she felt sorry for them. Small and slight with a clipped manner of speech, she was always writing letters to the papers. Born

in Hampshire, England, she came west with her family to homestead in the famous Cannington Manor district in the eastern part of the province. Here three remittance men from England had built a beautiful manor house, and they startled the prairie people by hunting coyotes in red coats and dressing for dinner. The Sheldon-Williams family, however, just farmed and Catherine repaired fences, pitched hay and plowed fields. She used to launder shirts for bachelors for miles around before a neighborhood dance, but her own fiancé died of tuberculosis and she never married. She gave up farming for teaching and bought a bicycle with her first pay cheque. Then she ran an industrial school for boys who had got into trouble with the law. She organized the Outpost Correspondence School and ran it until 1929. She wrote textbooks for Saskatchewan schools and sat on Regina's collegiate board for twenty years and on the public-school board for four years. She led the fight to have technical education included in Regina, and she coached hundreds of children in French and German, both of which she spoke fluently. A habitual tea drinker, she always had the kettle on in case one of her boys dropped in, and she was always making soup for anyone sick in the neighborhood.



A dozen proposals every month were only to be expected if you were a single girl in the West in the early days—and as pretty as Margaret Macleod. Margaret came west with her sister who had married a fur trader. In 1879 she set out from Fort Garry, driving a buckwagon all the way. After two months she reached Fort Edmonton where there were only four

other white women. When Margaret picked a husband she chose a tall blond Mountie called Robert Belcher who later, as Colonel Belcher, had a hospital in Calgary named after him. At Battleford she was the only woman among sixty men. Once she had just boarded the steamboat on the North Saskatchewan when she gave birth to a baby girl. Another time she was traveling from Edmonton to Calgary in a covered wagon with three tiny children all under four years of age and the baby had croup. A storm blew up. She went to find shelter at one of the stopping places but it was full. However, women were so respected in those days that the moment the men saw her, they silently got up with their blankets and went to the barn, where they bedded down for the night.



First hostess in the early days of Alberta was Lady Lougheed, the wife of Senator James Lougheed and niece of Lord Strathcona. A colorful figure in Calgary's early society, she boasted Indian blood on her mother's side. When the Lougheeds came to Calgary in 1884 and James set up a law practice, there were only one hundred people there, and eggs sold for three dollars a dozen. The Lougheeds moved into a tailoring shop on Stephen Avenue (now Eighth Avenue) and imported a bay window and a dining-room suite from the East. One of the local horses was so dazzled

by this grandeur that he walked through the window and right into the living room. In 1889 James Lougheed was made a senator and in 1901 they moved into a huge mansion. As "Lady Belle," Lady Lougheed entertained such famous visitors as the Duke of Windsor, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia and Governor-General Byng. But Lady Lougheed was anything but a snob. Once she sent out invitations to a party. When everyone had arrived she still hadn't made an appearance. Finally she turned up. "Had to rinse out a shirt for Sir James," was her excuse. Another time she asked a friend to a party, but the woman said she couldn't come because she had no suitable dress. "Don't think anything about that," said Lady Lougheed. "Just drop around and we'll fix you up with something from my closet." At a party at the Palliser Hotel, some young soldiers said they had never seen the Red River Jig danced. Lady Lougheed promptly kicked off her shoes, climbed on a table, and to their delight showed them how.



I don't



*I don't want to be
cruel, but I don't
love you any
more.*

Love you any more

BEYOND THE WORDS IN THAT LETTER FROM JOHN
MAGGIE COULD SEE NO HOPE, NO LIFE WORTH LIVING,
BUT STILL, IT WAS SPRING . . .

By Pamela Walsh

Illustrated by Aileen Richardson

SHE HAD carried the letter around with her all day. It was in her purse, heavy as lead. Heavy as her heart, as her feet that usually flew about the marbled corridor of the bank so swiftly and lightly that Uncle Pete had once said, "Maggie doesn't walk, she floats on a jet-propelled cloud." Funny they hadn't noticed the difference today. Funny that no one had noticed a change of expression when they'd greeted her with the usual, "Well—heard from John today?" "No," she had told the brazen flagrant lie. "Not yet. But he keeps busy, you know. After all, just getting started in a new job—"

She had hated herself for the cowardly lie, but how could she bring herself to tell the truth to those smiling, sympathetic faces—mostly of people she'd known all her life, gone to school with, grown up with? How could she say, "Oh, yes, I had a letter today as a matter of fact. It doesn't say much, just that our engagement is all off, that he's not coming back, that he wants me to send back his ring—"

Pulling open a file drawer, she felt the platinum band of the modest diamond engagement ring bite into her finger. She thought wildly: I won't send it back. I won't give him up. I won't, I won't. I don't believe he's in love with this other girl. Someone he's only known a few months, when he's known me all his life. She's some hard-bitten New York career woman, out to get a man, never mind whose man!

The angry thoughts raced through her mind as she tore a sheet of paper out of her typewriter. She was usually one of the best stenographers in the bank, that's why they let her work on the platform. Quiet, quick, deft, tactful with the local farmers and tradespeople who came in to ask about loans or to ask for an extension on a payment. But not today. Today her hands were all fingers and thumbs going in wrong directions. And she had practically snapped poor old Alec Winterbottom's head off when he couldn't understand about

the interest deductions for his income-tax report. He'd looked hurt.

"Now, Maggie," he'd said, "there's no need to get upset like that. I mind I'm a mite slow and if you're too busy to do this today I can come back tomorrow."

But Alec Winterbottom's farm was thirty-five miles out in the country. He was a widower, his children had grown and married and lived in British Columbia. Maggie knew that Alec looked forward to a trip into town, to a chance to talk with people. He was a patient of Maggie's father, Dr. Maguire. He would say to Dr. Maguire, when he dropped by to have a prescription renewed, "Whatever's got into Maggie, Doc? Near took my head off today just because I was a little slow understandin' her figurin'."

And Maggie didn't want her father to know. Or her mother. Or anyone. Not yet. Not until she decided what to do about that letter. That Dear John from her dear John. From the dearest person in the whole world. From the man she loved, the man she adored. He couldn't mean it. He couldn't. And somehow, until she talked about it, it wasn't so. Nobody knew yet. She could tear the letter up, pretend she'd never received it. Then take a trip to New York. Arrive in the apartment he shared with two other boys. Arrive looking happy and pretty and as though nothing had happened. "John!" His name was like pain, hot and scalding, running through her. How could he hurt her like this when he had said over and over again, "I never want to hurt you, darling. You're so very sweet. I love you for loving me—"

He had said it at Christmastime when he'd come to visit for the holidays, kissing her beneath the mistletoe in her own wide, gaily decorated front hall. Holding her lightly, brushing her mouth, her eyes with his lips, looking down so gravely into her upturned face as though he would study all over again each and every small, pretty feature of it. *Continued on page 32*



THEIR

SECRET WORLD

*Life had made them too wise in their way
ever to be children again.*

*Read this sensitive story and be reminded
that all hearts
that are young are not gay*

Illustrated by James Hill

CHATELAINE'S COMPLETE NOVELETTE • BY AUDREY DE GRAFF

IS THIS a costume dance?" Mrs. Gordon asked brightly.

Across the candlelit dinner table, her son, Jim, repeated, also brightly, "Costume? Oh no," and waited politely for his mother to go on.

She did. "Isn't it Chinese, or something?"

Jim wanted to roar. "Chinese!" He wanted to shriek with a turbulent mirth effervescing within him. But the gentle enquiry, despite its brightness, was fragile. His mother's luminous eyes and sweetly curving smile were the tenuous line between laughter and tears. It would bear no strain.

Instead of roaring, he said, "No, it's the Freshman-Sophomore Dance. The high-school orientation dance."

"Oh—oh, I see. You did tell me that." She herself laughed, and he joined her, pretending with her that she was naïve, a little dumb was his phrase, and wishing it were so instead of not having things mean very much to her since the plane crash, his father's death.

"Of course, that's where I got the Chinese. Orient. Orientation." She sure was overdoing it, but, as long as she didn't catch him knowing it, it was all right. Her laughter died abruptly, and the fright came again into her eyes, as though she wanted to dart after the sound of their laughter and bring it back to them. Jim soared with her for a second in this unreality, dived back quickly to the solid ground of Glenville High School.

"Both grades come to the dance, and all the new students. Everyone gets acquainted that way."

"It sounds—nice." His mother emphasized nice, she turned on the glow in her eyes again.

"Oh, it is, it's great," Jim said great because he couldn't say nice, but he said it in the same way. He heard the similarity though, and wondered what was for dessert, how fast he could leave. Not too fast, he reminded himself. This wasn't much of a conversation, but it was better than if she'd said again, "You aren't disappointed about not going back to boarding school, are you? I know you did so well there. Captain of, what was it, dear? And class president, and those two special friends who had you for vacations when Dad and I were in Europe. It must be hard to just cut off your life like that, just start in here at high school. If Dad hadn't . . ."

But Dad had. And it left Esther Gordon still young, still lovely, bewildered and alone, except for Jim. "They were so right," someone had said. "You don't look a bit like him, you're your mother's boy all right." It had been a time of intensely personal remarks, perhaps they were supposed to be comforting. Dad had been florid, sandy-haired, a big homely guy, a wonderful guy. At fifteen, Jim had a slender athlete's body, his mother's dark good looks.

I wish, he thought, studying her across the dinner table, trying hard with it all, I wish I didn't feel so beastly sorry for her.

She was asking him, "Would you like me to drive you over to the school tonight?"

"Oh no, thanks." That was wrong. She was trying, and now she was afraid she'd made a mistake. She felt awful, he could see. "I'm stopping by for Art Lynch." There, that fixed it. If he were stopping for a guy, it meant he was adjusting. What a word! It

Continued on page 45



CHATELAINE
PICKS THE
CLOTHES

Marilyn
Bell

TAKES ON
HER BIG
ADVENTURE

By Rosemary Boxer
Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor



"I love everything about this dress," said Marilyn. It's a shirtwaister in turquoise Orlon and cotton, needs no ironing.



TWO WEEKS ago, blue-eyed, seven-teen-year-old Marilyn Bell stepped aboard a TCA airliner on her way to Dover, to swim the English Channel for the Toronto Telegram's fifteen-thousand-dollar prize. With her she took these five dresses and the shoes to wear with them—chosen, with Chatelaine's help, to see her blithely through most of her off-training hours on both sides of the Channel. "Not," as she laughingly pointed out, "that I'll be spending

much time out of my bathing suit, but when I do I want to look like a million dollars." (Last August, Chatelaine also helped Marilyn round up a suitable wardrobe for her sudden whirl of public appearances and celebrations just after she had battled with, and beaten, Lake Ontario.)

Marilyn's attitude to clothes is honest and down-to-earth. In her element with the sun and wind in her hair, faded blue jeans and a well-worn shirt on her back, she has a healthy but kindly contempt for "girls who spend hours fussing in front of a mirror." She started buying her own clothes at twelve, and at thirteen took a Saturday job as cashier in a grocereria "to swell the clothes budget." Now the whole process of buying a dress

is, to her, as simple as black and white—of like or dislike. She takes hours shopping and calmly refuses to be influenced or hustled into buying something she doesn't actively love. Once, in Atlantic City, she took a whole afternoon, tried on practically every dress in the store and then walked out empty-handed. "The salesgirl could have strangled me," she admitted, "but you should never buy anything unless you think you'll die without it. Should you?"

With a good taste which is instinctive, Marilyn automatically chooses clothes which are completely right for her petite, but rounded, figure. She strong-mindedly rejects occasional flashes of weakness for the overfeminine, the overfussy and the extravagant. All the dresses shown here are under \$35.

She keeps her clothes tailored, with a brisk clarity of line and color; wears suits whenever she can, but has a secret yearning to see herself "in something soft, black and clinging." She loves the look of black and white; every shade of blue (the color of her eyes); pale colors close to her face; short white gloves, with anything and everything; and the warm, baked smell of freshly ironed laundry. She hates the look of yellow near her face ("it clashes with my complexion"); beaded mascara, black satin and dangling earrings. Her favorite piece of jewelry is a charm bracelet—a Christmas present from a beau—hung with tiny emblems to commemorate each of her swims. She also hates "hair that's curled within an inch of its life," and the dreary chore of keeping her white gloves clean. +



Chalky white sateen cord, the centre panel marked out in black braid and shiny black buttons; long lines give Marilyn's tiny figure a taller slenderness.

In her exciting Channel venture, this courageous Canadian schoolgirl is winning new fame and affection for herself and for Canada overseas. And with all eyes on her, here are the clothes Canada's youngest unofficial ambassador has chosen to wear



Small consolation: Sister Karen gets into the picture (but not to England) in pink-and-white piqué. Marilyn wears tucked black cotton.

Photos by Rosemary Boxer



Marilyn chose this dress for official lunches and receptions in England. It's white shantung, dashed with black polka dots and rimmed with black braid.



For gala occasions, parties in London, slate-blue cotton and nylon, tucked from bosom to hip. It's easy to pack, but hard to crease.

THEY'RE YOUNG, tender, plentiful, easy to prepare and —best of all in this hot July weather—quick to cook. We chose custom cuts for the chicken dinners opposite but any of the recipes, except Stuffed Chicken Legs, can be used for any cut pieces.

How to fry chicken: Allow one pound of ready-to-cook chicken per person. Remove pin feathers, singe, wash well and pat dry. Cut small broilers (two pounds or less) in halves and larger birds in serving pieces (see page 22).

For each pound of chicken combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, 1 teaspoon

salt, a sprinkling of black pepper and a little poultry seasoning or paprika or both. Put in paper bag, add chicken and shake until pieces are evenly coated. Place on rack to dry slightly. Melt any good cooking fat in a heavy frying pan to a depth of a quarter to half an inch. When hot add chicken and brown delicately on all sides (about 15 minutes), using tongs to turn pieces. Reduce heat, add 2 tablespoons water, cover pan tightly and continue cooking, turning pieces occasionally until tender (25 to 40 minutes). Remove lid for last 5 or 10 minutes of cooking to crisp the skin.



CHICKEN SMOTHERED IN CREAM (bottom left)

4 chicken breasts	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour	1 cup sliced mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups thick sour cream
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper	1 cup water
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme

Split breasts in half; bone if desired. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Dredge breasts in flour; brown in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Transfer to ovenware dish. Add mushrooms and 1 cup sour cream mixed with 1 cup water. Sprinkle with thyme, cover closely and bake at 325 deg. F. for about 1 hour. Stir in remaining cream, return to oven for 5 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 8.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CURRIED CHICKEN WINGS (bottom right)

8 to 12 chicken wings	3 tablespoons flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour	1 teaspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	2 chicken bouillon cubes
1 large onion, chopped	2 cups hot water
3 tablespoons butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk
	3 to 4 cups cooked rice

Break off tips of wings and use for soup or stew. Combine flour and seasonings. Dredge wings in flour. Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter in heavy pan and brown chicken quickly on all sides. Add onion and continue cooking on low heat, covered, for about 40 minutes. It may be necessary to add more butter. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add flour, curry powder, salt and pepper. Mix until smooth. Add bouillon cubes dissolved in hot water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream and reheat. Serve cooked chicken wings on bed of fluffy rice with curry sauce poured over all. Serves 4.

Note: Finely chopped apple or raisins add a fine flourish to the curry sauce.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

STUFFED CHICKEN LEGS (far right)

Allow one to two drumsticks per serving. Simmer drumsticks in small amount of salted water in covered saucepan until tender (45 to 60 minutes). Cool. Using a sharp, pointed paring knife, loosen meat from bone at top and bottom. Remove bone, using a twisting motion, by pulling bone up through meat. Stuff drumsticks with Oriental Stuffing. Dip in beaten egg thinned with small amount milk; roll in fine cracker or bread crumbs. Brown slowly in melted butter in a heavy frying pan.

ORIENTAL STUFFING:

2 small boiled potatoes	2 tablespoons seedless raisins
1 hard-cooked egg	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sage
2 tablespoons slivered, blanched almonds	1 tablespoon lemon juice

Dice potatoes and egg very fine. Combine with almonds, raisins and sage. Sprinkle with lemon juice and toss lightly. Fill drumstick cavities. Makes stuffing for about 8 drumsticks.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BARBECUED CHICKEN (top right)

Allow one large or two small thighs per serving. Dredge in flour seasoned lightly with salt and pepper. Brown slowly in small amount of fat. Add more fat until there is about a quarter inch in bottom of pan. Cook, covered, for about 40 minutes or until tender. Prepare Barbecue Sauce and pour over thighs five minutes before chicken has finished cooking.

BARBECUE SAUCE:

2 cups tomato juice	1 to 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 package dried onion soup	2 tablespoons brown sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup ketchup	Salt and pepper to taste
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cider or malt vinegar	

Combine ingredients and simmer for 15 minutes. Makes enough sauce for 4 to 6 servings. ♦

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Right
now spring
chickens are at
their succulent best
for frying or broiling.
Chatelaine shows you a
flock of tempting ways
to serve them for
summer guests or
family Sunday
dinners

BY CHATELAINE
INSTITUTE
Marie Holmes
Director

HOW TO CUT
CHICKEN
See page 22



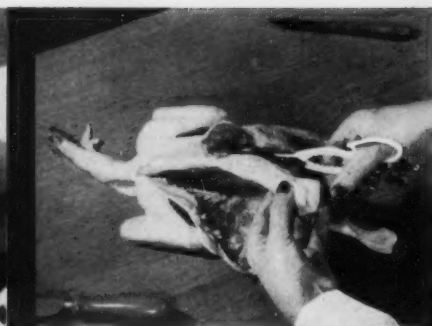


Anyone can cut up a chicken these two easy ways

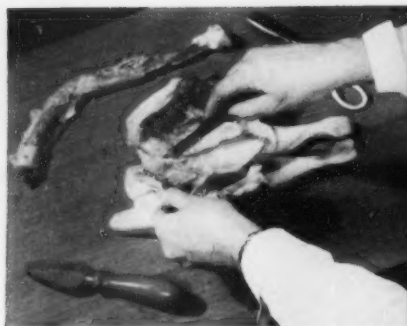
HOW TO CUT A CHICKEN IN HALF FOR BROILING



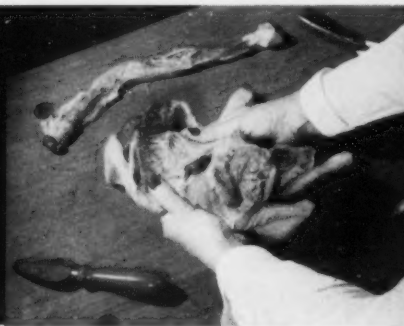
Starting at tail, cut along one side of backbone to fleshy part (oyster), loosen and continue cutting to shoulder.



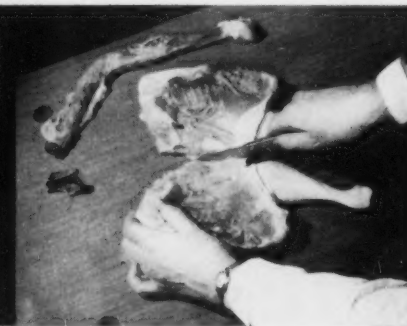
Cut along other side of backbone from tail to shoulder. Note oyster pulled away from backbone.



Backbone and neck are removed in one piece. Now spread bird open and cut cartilage at top centre of breast.

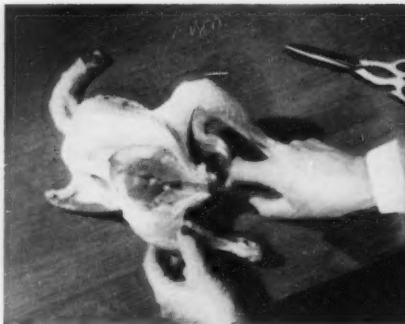


Hold chicken at tail and neck as shown, press from underneath to spring the small keel bone up. Keel bone lifts out easily.

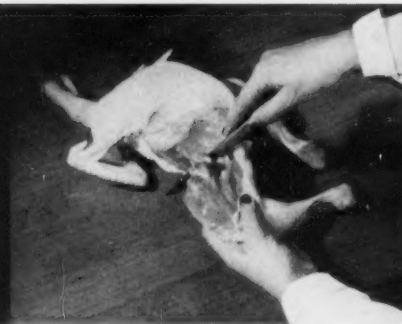


Cut down centre through breastbone with sharp knife. (Cook neck and backbone with giblets for gravy.)

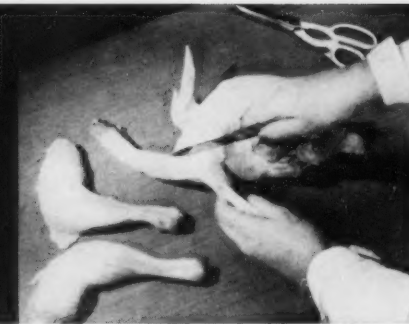
HOW TO CUT UP A CHICKEN FOR FRYING



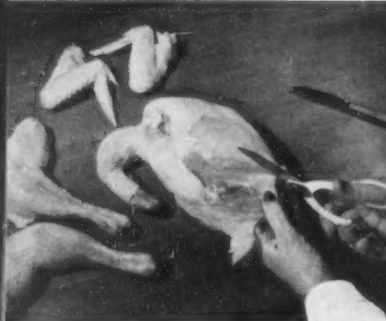
First remove legs. Cut down between leg and body, using a sharp knife and leaving as much skin on body as possible.



Press down on leg firmly until hip joint pushes out of its socket. Then cut through, separating thigh from body.



Remove wings next. Cut with knife around shoulder joint. Twist out wing. Repeat for other wing.



Cut through thin tissue and rib cage on one side, from tail to wing socket. Repeat on other side.



Separate back section from breast by breaking apart at shoulders and cutting through skin. Remove the neck.



Holding back as shown, break the backbone, then cut through to separate back in two. Remove oil sac from tail.



To remove breast meat, cut down side of keel bone, remove wishbone. Gently cut meat from bones.



if you can remember a country garden . . .

Do you remember the warm scent of ripening beans, the soft rustle of golden corn, the bright gleam of red ripe tomatoes and the gay color of newly dug carrots? If you have memories like these, they will come brimming back to you when you taste the wonderful harmony of flavors in Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . fifteen garden vegetables, slow-simmered in rich beef stock. It takes only four minutes to prepare. Enjoy such a treat today.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup



21 kinds to choose from. How many have you tried?

Asparagus (Cream of)	French Canadian Pea
Bean with Bacon	Green Pea
Beef	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef Noodle	Onion
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery (Cream of)	Pepper Pot
Chicken (Cream of)	Scotch Broth
Chicken Gumbo	Tomato
Chicken Noodle	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Vegetarian Vegetable
Clam Chowder	Vegetable Beef
Consommé	



The handy pegboard hung in the waste space between windows allows you to use pots and pans for kitchen decorating. A small tilt-down bin holds scrapers and cleaning

supplies while the chopping board slides off the counter for easy cleaning or use elsewhere. Draperies are deep pink, a pleasant contrast with the soft green of counters.

Put some personality into your kitchen

You spend half your working day in the kitchen so why not make it just as attractive as the rest of the house?

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

FOR TOO many years we've tended to banish kitchens to the back of the house and treat them like poor relations when it comes to color and decorating. But kitchens are in for a better time. The trend now to open planning integrates kitchens with the rest of the house, and finally we're applying some of the decorating ideas we have always reserved for our living rooms to the Cinderella room of the house where we do most of the work. If your kitchen has been on a lean diet of decorating ideas, why not plan some changes now?

Color comes first because it has such a remarkable effect on the way we feel. Since you spend more than half your working day in this room choose the color you feel at home with most. You can afford to be daring because in most kitchens the walls are broken up with white appliances and cupboards, offsetting the areas of color. Warm cheerful reds, yellows and golden browns are good choices because they are stimulating, put you in a good mood and make a flattering background for food. To avoid color catastrophes though, remember: Colors always look brighter in large areas, so beware of those tiny color swatches in the paint department. Choose a color just a little duller than the one

you want and when it's on the wall it will be the right shade. Avoid deep heavy color on hanging wall cupboards or they will crowd the room; use a lighter value of the wall color or a pale contrast. Choose small accents in greens, blues or turquoise. To give unity, carry out the kitchen colors in small items such as dish towels, place mats, flowerpots and canisters.

To discourage monotony use a variety of texture. New wallpapers give you a wealth to choose from with patterns of brick, wood grains and bamboo for realists, wrought iron and tiny provincial stencil designs for traditionalists, while pure modernists can pick minute over-all geometric abstracts. With draperies try for

texture again. Fish net needs little sewing. Theatrical gauzes are economical while polished cottons and glazed chintzes are now available in unusual designs and in any color imaginable.

This is *your* room so put yourself and your interests in it. Instead of hiding attractive pots, pans and unusual utensils in cupboards, bring them into the light of day and let them help decorate the room.

Open shelves of the pantry or cupboard can be disguised, sealers and packages hidden, with simple roll-down bamboo blinds. Copy the motif from your drapery fabric and paint it on a regular window shade. Adapt unused things about the house to practical purposes. An old decanter is an excellent container for soap or detergent and makes it easier to measure as you pour. Perhaps you've never hung pictures in a kitchen but why let this restrict you? If you enjoy pictures use them where you can see them often. One clever woman who collects prints had her husband make picture frames with open tops so changes could be slipped in and out easily.

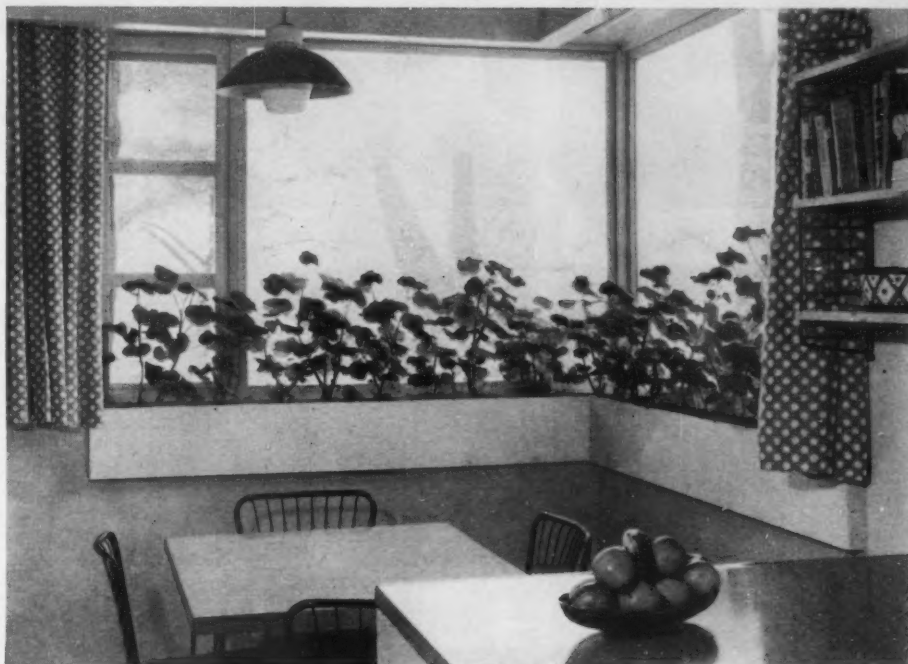
Being a housewife is a tiring job, so why not have at least one comfortable chair or even davenport in the kitchen? Then you can snatch a rest before tackling the dusting or while dinner is cooking. Slip-cover it with a washable fabric to match the color scheme. This is also handy for your husband when he comes in from work and wants to chat rather than shout from the living room. Your imagination and good sense will make your kitchen a room the whole family will enjoy. Who knows, while they're there you may get some extra help. +

Photos by Peter Croydon

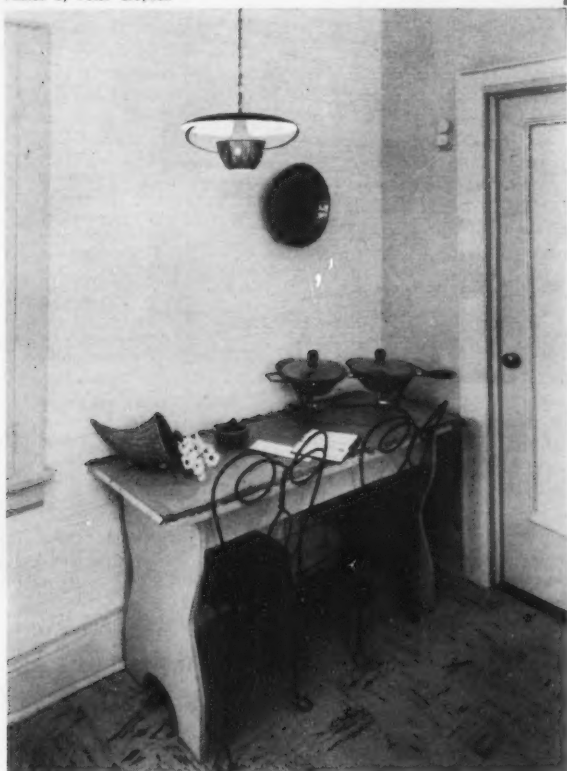


Look What's Happening to Living

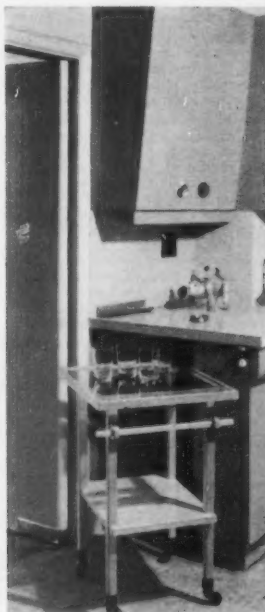
A corner of convenience that doesn't sacrifice appearance. The removable chopping block is on a caster table so it can be wheeled anywhere in the kitchen or out of sight into a space beside the sink.



Group your plants to give them more importance. Then use either individual jardinières or a window box to hide the pots. These geraniums are just a little deeper pink than the draperies to carry out the color scheme. Hanging bookshelves house a collection of cookbooks and earthenware.



The clean simplicity of off-white brick wallpaper gives an illusion of space to this small eating area. The starkness of the brick is softened by the copper lighting fixture and an old Chinese pewter dish on the wall. The two ice-cream chairs painted black are a practical whimsy that serves a purpose but doesn't crowd the space.



Use the warmth of wood to offset cold-looking appliances and choose hardware with the same care you use for good furniture. Save yourself steps and possible breakage of dishes by using this modern version of the tea wagon (left). Revolving Bettys give convenience as well as easily reached storage space for small items.

4 Danish Bun Treats from One Basic Dough!

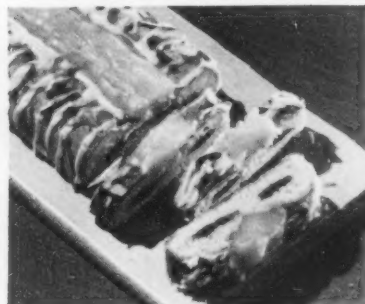
1. Apricot Turnovers



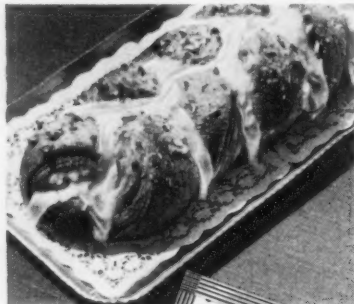
2. Raisin Rounds



3. Jam Strips



4. Cinnamon Braid



For Luscious Variety use New Active Dry Yeast

This rich Danish Bun Dough rewards you with 4 gorgeous treats out of the same oven! Successful risings with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast are the secret! So whenever you bake at home, be sure you have Fleischmann's on hand.



Needs No Refrigeration

BASIC DANISH BUN DOUGH

Measure into a small bowl

- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 3 teaspoons granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

- 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Sift together twice, then sift into mixing bowl

- 6 cups once-sifted bread flour
- ½ cup fine granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt

Cut in finely

- 1 pound chilled butter or margarine

Beat together until light and thick

- 2 eggs
- 1 egg yolk

and stir into yeast mixture.

Make a well in the flour mixture and pour in yeast mixture; combine thoroughly. Knead dough in the bowl until smooth. Cover dough closely with waxed paper and chill.

Beat together slightly with a fork and hold to finish fancy doughs,

- 1 egg white
- 1 tablespoon cold water

Turn out dough on lightly-floured board.

Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. Apricot Turnovers. Roll out dough to 9 x 12 inches. Cut into 12 squares; moisten edges. Put spoonful of apricot jam on each square; fold into turnovers; seal; snip tops. Place on greased cookie sheet. Cover. Let rise in warm place 15 mins. Brush with egg-white mixture; sprinkle with chopped almonds and sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 mins.

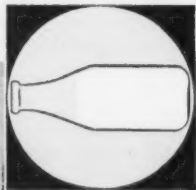
2. Raisin Rounds. Cream 2 tbsps. butter; mix in ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. flour, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind and ½ cup raisins. Roll out dough to ¼-inch thickness; cut into 2½-inch rounds. Moisten edges of half the rounds with water; place spoonful of raisin mixture on each one; cover with remaining rounds; seal; cut an X in top of each round. Place on greased cookie sheet. Cover. Let rise in warm place 15 minutes. Brush with egg-white mixture; sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 18 to 20 mins. Frost while hot, if desired.

3. Jam Strips. Roll out dough to 5 x 15 inches. Run strip of 2 tbsps. thick jam down each side, 1 inch in from edge. Moisten edges and fold over jam to meet in centre; seal. Place on greased cookie sheet. Cover. Let rise in warm place 15 mins. Brush with egg-white mixture; sprinkle with slivered nuts and sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 25 to 30 mins. While hot, spoon thick lemon filling down centre. Drizzle with frosting.

4. Cinnamon Braid. Combine ½ cup sugar and ½ tsp. cinnamon; sprinkle all but 2 teaspoonsfuls on baking board; place dough on board; roll out to 9 x 14 inches; fold dough over twice. Repeat rolling and folding twice. Roll out dough to 4 x 16 inches; cut into 3 long strips, joined at one end; braid. Place on greased cookie sheet. Cover. Let rise in warm place 15 mins. Brush with egg-white mixture; sprinkle with 2 tbsps. chopped almonds and 2 tbsps. sugar mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 30 mins. Spread hot braid with frosting.

CONFECTIONER'S FROSTING: Combine 1½ cups sifted icing sugar, 2½ tbsps. milk and ½ tsp. vanilla.

MAKING THE MOST OF MILK: Part Three



Pumpkin Pie
and Topping
(see recipes below).

How to use Evaporated Milk

Long used in baby formulas, this handy canned milk is good for cooking, for cereal cream and whipped toppings

By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

What it is: Evaporated milk is fresh pasteurized milk concentrated to double richness because sixty percent of the water has been evaporated out. Ounce for ounce it has double the food value of fresh milk. In addition, most of the brands sold today have been irradiated by ultraviolet light to increase the vitamin D. Some brands offer milk with reduced fat content—about equal to two-percent fresh milk.

Evaporated milk is homogenized to distribute the fat particles evenly. It is sterilized so that it will keep until the can is opened. A new treatment is now being perfected to get rid of the "cooked" taste which results from the present methods of processing.

Mix evaporated milk with equal proportions of water and you have a substitute for fresh milk at about the same price. Use it straight from the can and it can take the place of cream at about half the price.

How to use it: We all know that lots of babies have been raised on evaporated milk, and as these babies grew so did the uses for canned milk. Many people found it convenient as a substitute for cream in beverages or on cereals or, mixed with water, as a stand-in for fresh milk. It adds richness to soups, sauces, custards, puddings, ice cream and milk drinks. It is less likely to curdle when mixed with acid fruit juices for a milk shake or in fruit desserts. Sour milk for cooking can be made from it by just adding a tablespoon of vinegar and half a cup of water to half a cup of milk. For sour cream use one tablespoon vinegar to one cup of milk.

Undiluted evaporated milk is a good "dip" for foods that are to be coated with bread or cracker crumbs or grated cheese and it makes a good glaze for the tops of your homemade bread and rolls. Evaporated milk is an answer, too, for the people who like whipped toppings but find cream too expensive or too rich (see our recipe below).

How to keep it: Unopened, evaporated milk keeps indefinitely on the shelf.

Once opened, it must be kept in the refrigerator and it's best to use it within a week's time.

PUMPKIN PIE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cups strained cooked pumpkin | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ¾ cup sugar | 2 eggs, slightly beaten |
| 1¼ teaspoons cinnamon | 1½ cups evaporated milk |
| ½ teaspoon ginger | 1 (9-inch) unbaked pie shell |
| ¼ teaspoon cloves | |

Combine pumpkin thoroughly with sugar, spices and salt. Stir in slightly beaten eggs and evaporated milk. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 425 deg. F. for about 30 minutes until knife inserted in centre comes out clean. Serve with Whipped Topping.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

WHIPPED TOPPING

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup evaporated milk | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| | ¼ cup sugar |

Chill milk until ice crystals have started to form. Pour into deep, chilled bowl and use chilled beater to beat until stiff. Add lemon juice and sugar and beat until it will stand in peaks.

Note: If milk doesn't beat stiff, it just needs further chilling. For more lasting stiffness add gelatine.

For 1 cup milk, soften ½ teaspoon gelatine in 2 teaspoons cold water. Scald the milk, add gelatine and stir to dissolve; chill milk and follow above steps.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MAPLE FUDGE

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 cups maple sirup | ¾ cup evaporated milk |
| 1 tablespoon corn sirup | ½ cup chopped nuts |
| ½ teaspoon salt | |

Combine first four ingredients; cook to soft-ball stage stirring often. Cool to lukewarm; add nuts and beat until creamy. Turn into greased pan; mark in squares while warm. +

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

They're **NEW**...
They're **BRILLIANT**...

They're **HERE**...

they're all **LEONARD**

They're LEONARD with "features of the future". You automatically eliminate all work and worry with LEONARD Home Appliances—they're all automatic—automatic defrosting in the brilliant new LEONARD Refrigerator-Freezer—automatic cooking with the completely new LEONARD Electric Range... Even your laundry is done automatically—washed with "Shampoo Action" in the LEONARD Deluxe Automatic Washer—dried in a breeze with the matching LEONARD Automatic "Jet-Aire" Dryer.

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LEONARD DELUXE REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

Sensational all-new 11.9 cu. ft. capacity LEONARD with big 100-lb Frozen Food Chest at the bottom. A cold-clear-to-the-floor, colour-styled LEONARD with Humidiplate control of cold and moisture, keeps food garden fresh even without covering. Convenient door shelves for bottles, jars, etc.—butter and cheese chests—automatic defrosting—Glacier Sealed unit for years of efficient performance.

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A pleasure to cook with—so simple to keep spotlessly clean—the LEONARD Super Deluxe features automatic oven timer and minute timer—surface griddle—electric clock—illuminated switches offer infinite top-of-range heat control—very high speed Microtube elements—deep well cooker—large oven—warmer compartment—large utility drawer.

LEONARD LAUNDRY

New amazing two-cycle automatic washer—family wash cycle and delicate fabric cycle—both cycles completely automatic.

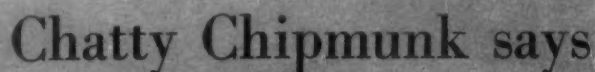
LEONARD "Jet-Aire" high velocity air flow dryer—controlled warm air—clothes gently tumbled—safe for ALL fabrics with one dial setting. Lint trap—time control—pilot light—safety door.



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5455-3



Hello Everybody —

You'll need both halves of a walnut shell, a thin piece of cork about 1/4 inch square, a small washer and some 1-inch-square pieces of colored tissue paper, a needle and thread, plastic cement and a little paste.

Put a metal washer in one of the walnut halves and drop a little of the plastic cement in the hole of the washer. Press the last knot down into the cement and let it dry thoroughly.

[illegible]

..... is the color of my eyes,
I like to look at starry skies.
..... is the color of my hair,
Birds and flowers are everywhere.
..... is the color of my skin,
I play lots of games and sometimes win.
..... Happy Birthdays I have had,
And other things that make me glad.
..... is the grade I'm in at school,
I like to swim in a shady pool.
I'm very happy I am me
There is so much to do and see.

BIG	SUN	BUDS	LAWN	STEM	SEEDS
—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—
BOY	SET	—	—	—	—
		—	—	—	—
		ROSE	—	—	—
			RAKE	ROOT	GRASS

Good-by now, I'll be back next month,

Chatty 🐾



*You look wonderful, because you feel wonderful
when you use*

Yardley Lavender

for the freshest, youngest feeling in the world!

It's so much more than a delightful essence. Yardley Lavender is a *feeling*. There's no lift like its crisp coolness, no other fragrance that makes you feel so fresh so long. Enjoy Yardley Lavender in its many other forms. Lavender, from \$1.25 Soap, box of 3, \$1.50.

lipsticks for the
woman alive...

LIVING COLORS by TANGEE



EXCLUSIVE LANALURE keeps Tangee's brilliant red Living Colors alive on your lips—glowing without a shadow of greasiness, all day long! Lanalure keeps your lips soft, moist, and lustrous—prevents drying and cracking!

THINK OF A DANCE—fiery and brilliant, yet superbly smooth—and you know what Living Colors are.

Then think of yourself—recklessly alive, breathlessly alluring. Think of your own lips, daringly red with a brilliance that endures—this is the promise Living Colors hold out to all women.

Could you ever forgive yourself for not letting this promise come true?

Tangee

TANGEE—The most brilliant colors ever created by man—for woman!

PINK QUEEN Rhapsody in Pink RED MAJESTY
MEDIUM RED PRETTY PLEASE GAY RED RED RED
BRIGHT 'N CLEAR THEATRICAL RED NATURAL

Now... a lustrous new Liquid Rouge... available in colors that match your Tangee lipstick, and blend with your complexion—perfectly!

Only 59¢



Chatelaine says

MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

Summer After-Five:
Polished cottons and
leafy prints . . .

Cool and pretty way to look on warm summer evenings, when dining and dancing, or entertaining friends are in your plans. The neckline is a wide and shallow curve, the strip sleeves melt into a deep fold over the bosom, and the skirt sails out from the hips. Pattern No. 1153. Sizes 11-18. 35c.

*Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer
or from the Pattern Dept., Chatelaine,
481 University Avenue, Toronto.*



Anywhere she goes...



she can buy Tampax

Whether you travel by boat, plane or camel train, you can buy Tampax. It's on sale in Egypt, Madagascar, New Guinea, Venezuela, Iraq, Guatemala—and scores of other foreign countries. It's available, too, in every city, every town, every hamlet, throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

Such widespread distribution is clear evidence of the way Tampax internal sanitary protection has "caught on" with women. And yet—is this so surprising? After all, Tampax is really the logical method of protection on "those days"—the method that does away with the bulky belt-pin-pad harness, and substitutes protection that's far more convenient and much easier to use.

Wearer's hands needn't even touch the Tampax. Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. Tampax prevents odor from forming. Tampax is easy to dispose of. And it's so small, a month's supply can be carried in the purse. Choice of three absorbencies at drug or notion counters. (Regular, Super, Junior.) Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Invented by a Doctor—now used by Millions of Women
CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED,
Brampton, Ontario.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov..... Chat 7-55

I DON'T LOVE YOU ANY MORE

Continued from page 15

"You're so pretty, Maggie, you're beautiful. You could get any man in the world to fall in love with you, you know that, don't you?"

She didn't know, she didn't care. She wanted no other man but John Hemmingsway Foster. How had it happened? How had she lost him? Oh, she thought with wild rebellion, I should never have let him go to New York without me. We should have been married then, last Christmas, when he was home.

But she had still felt safe, last Christmas. They had been engaged three months. He had given her her ring in September. She had been unwilling to have him go so far away without the reassurance of a ring, an announcement. They had been standing before a jeweler's window and she had said impulsively, "Let's announce our engagement before you go, darling. I'd feel so much safer somehow."

He had smiled down at her. His serious, absent smile. "You don't need a ring or an announcement to hold me, you know. Wherever I am, I'm still there for you."

But he wasn't. A girl he'd met in his office. A young copywriter. A clever girl. "I started to date her a month or so ago. It was just friendship at first. Then I realized I wanted to be with her all the time. After all, Maggie, you and I never really gave ourselves a chance, did we? We were childhood sweethearts and everyone expected us to fall in love and get married. And when you came up to McGill at graduation time, I knew you expected me to ask you to marry me. Heck, my whole family and yours expected it. And I guess I just let myself drift into doing what they wanted me to do. You've got to understand, darling, please try to understand. You're so young..."

Out into the hot, bright sunlight of early May, into the quiet, tree-lined streets of this town she'd been born and raised in, this town she had once loved and that she now felt herself hating. "I'll get him away from her," she promised herself. "I'll go to New York. I'll make him marry me. I know I could make him happy. As happy as anyone could make him."

People she knew smiled, waved. Uncle Pete pulled his car up to the curb and asked whether Maggie wouldn't like a lift home. "No, thanks. It's such a nice evening. I like the walk." I never want to reach home, I never want to reach that phone that will never ring again. Not for me, at least.

Maggie walked on, passing familiar landmarks suddenly made strange to her—the supermarket, the church, the firehouse, the courthouse. A tall young man was just coming down the steps as Maggie approached them. She caught his quick, blue-eyed gaze and hurriedly averted her own, pretending not to have seen him. He was a lawyer and a distant cousin of a distant cousin of Maggie's mother. He'd come here fresh from a small college down east, to read law in Cousin Hamilton Frey's office and Maggie's mother had murmured something about "doing some-

thing for him. You ought to introduce him to some of the young people in town, dear."

Maggie had thought she might give a little party for him when John came home for the wedding. She hadn't wanted to have any man over without John's being there; she hadn't wanted to give him the slightest cause for doubting her. And all the while he'd been dating this other girl, taking her places, holding her hand, brushing her mouth with his lips in the light, teasing kiss that was always his greeting.

No, she couldn't care about anyone's handsome cousin tonight. Or about any other man. Not tonight. Not ever. She thought: I shall die. I hope I do die. I wish it were wintertime. I'd go out without my coat or galoshes or anything and get a dreadful cold and maybe die of pneumonia. Or John would come running to me when he heard that I was ill.

She wasn't ill. When she mounted the short steps of the big, sprawling white clapboard house that held all the memories of her whole life, and opened the screen door, her mother came hurrying out of the kitchen as she always did. "Hello, dear. Hasn't it been a hot day for May? But you're looking as cool as a cucumber in that blue dress. I don't see how you keep looking so fresh all day, Maggie, I really don't. And I honestly believe you're getting prettier every day. I'm sure John will think so, too, next time he sees you. Have you heard from him lately?"

Her mother wasn't up when the mail came. Her father had, mercifully, been called out on an emergency. They hadn't seen the thin, frail letter. They wouldn't be saying, "What did John have to say?"

Maggie said, "No, no letter yet. He must be pretty busy. Maybe I'll call him tonight. After all, New York isn't so far away."

Her mother said quickly, "Oh, I don't think you should call him tonight, dear. Your father's bringing a guest home for dinner. A young intern at the hospital. He's only been there for a few months, and your father's very impressed with him. Think he might be able to interest him in staying here and taking over part of his practice."

Maggie's heart dropped. Not tonight, she thought. Not tonight. I can't, I can't possibly make conversation tonight. But she couldn't back out of dining with them. She couldn't be rude to her father and his guest.

Her steps were heavy, mounting the familiar stairs, entering the familiar room. It was to this room she had returned ten months ago after that tender, beautiful week end when he had asked her to marry him. Funny, the way it had happened. Not at all the way it happened in books. They'd been sitting in his fraternity house, waiting till time to join his parents at their hotel. He'd taken her hand, toyed with it, separating the fingers one by one, folding them together again. She'd looked so pretty that day, wearing a pale-blue faille dress, her short blond hair springing away from her forehead in soft ringlets. Other men had glanced their way. A friend of John's had said, "How did Foster ever get a girl like you?"

John had smiled down at her. He had said, "I ask myself the same question. You're exactly the kind of girl I want to marry, Maggie."

"Do you really mean that, John?"

"Of course I mean it. I could be happy with you for the rest of my life."

"Darling, so could I. Why can't we decide now? I mean, we have decided, really, haven't we? Can't we tell your parents now, this week end? And then, when we go home, my parents? They'll be so happy to know—"

Somewhere a phonograph had played and ice had clinked against a glass and the music and the talk were an obligation to the things they were feeling. "Many times, many times, I have wanted your kiss..." It was their song. It would never belong to anyone else.

"All right, sweetheart. But let's not make a formal announcement until I clear with the draft board in the States. I'm not going to tie you up in an engagement if I'm about to be drafted, you know. Not with the world in the state it's in these days."

But he hadn't been drafted. An automobile smashup three years ago, when he'd been driving home from McGill, had put him in the hospital for almost seven months and sent him back to school on crutches. He'd never dance again, or ride, and in bad weather his face would tighten with the pain in that leg. So the draft board had turned him down in August. And on his September holidays, ready to leave for his advertising job in New York, he had said, "I suppose there'll be a dozen guys calling you up, wanting to beat my time, the minute I leave town. But I wouldn't want you sitting home every night. I'd trust you anywhere, with anyone. I want you to have fun."

"I can't have fun with anyone but you. You know that." And then, "John, don't date a lot of girls when you get to New York, will you?"

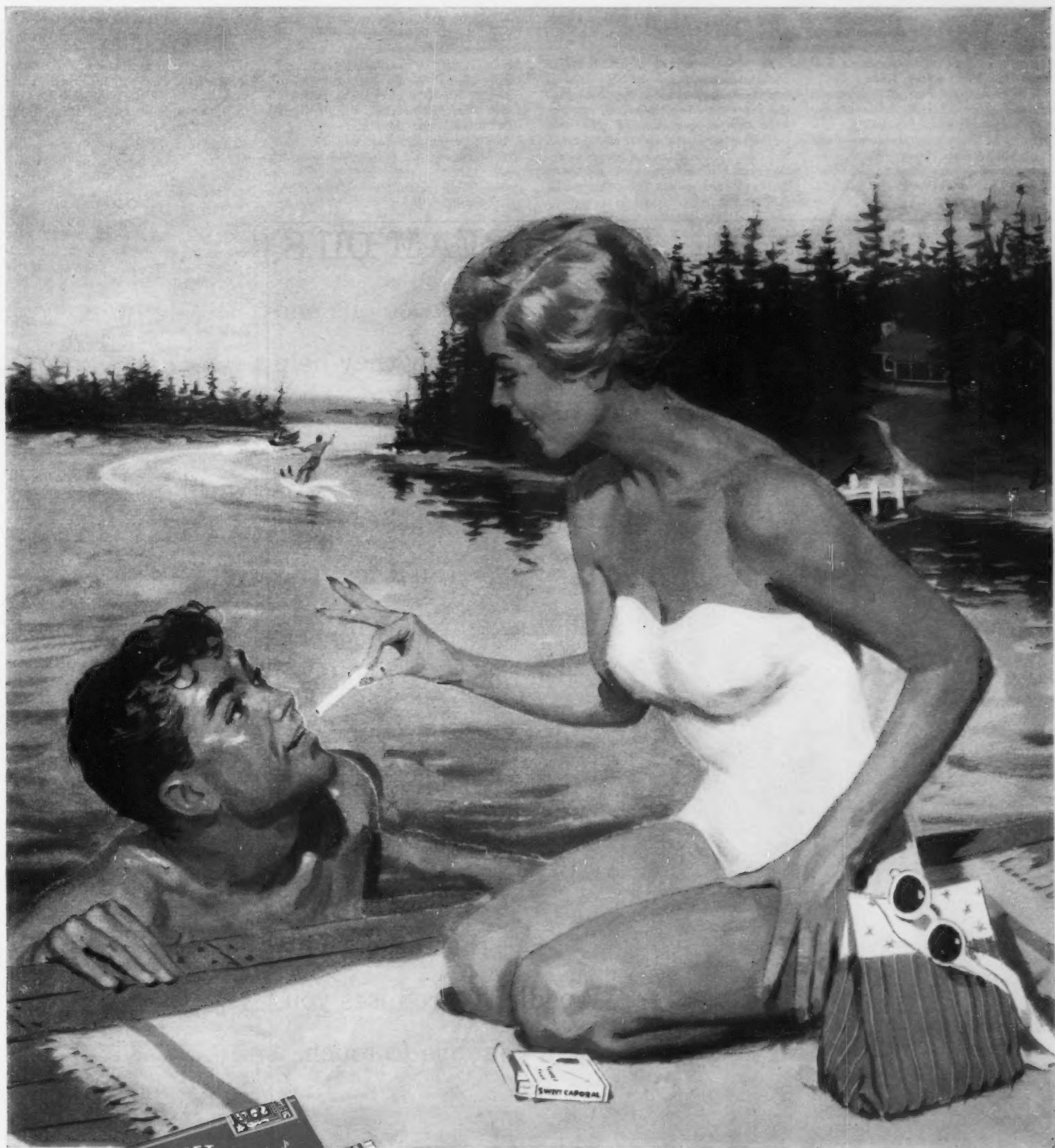
"Silly, of course not. I'll be too busy working, and taking some special courses at Columbia, nights. I won't have time for dates."

But her mother had said, "Aren't you and John going to announce your engagement before he leaves for New York, Maggie? People will think it strange, otherwise. They'll think that something's happened between you."

And now they'd know. She sat on the side of the bed, staring down at the ring that was all she had left of him. They'd whisper all up and down Elm Street, and on Lombard, the length and breadth of Main and Prospect and Hill, at the little country club where they'd gone on Saturday nights, and at Neilson's where they'd sat over sodas, in the Bijou and the Rivoli. They'd whisper at the church, where she and John were to have stood before the small altar, repeating their vows, and in the parked cars on soft spring nights and at the lake when it grew warm enough for picnic baskets and fishing rods and dancing at the shack.

"What do you hear from John?" they'd ask, and finally she would have to tell them, have to display the suddenly naked finger of her left hand. "Oh, hadn't you heard? It's all off. We just decided we'd made a mistake. Those things happen, you know."

And people would hurry to make plans for her, to invite her places, but she wouldn't go. She'd never dance again, never eat again, never care again. She slipped the ring off her finger for a minute and hurried to put it back on. "I can't, I can't, I can't."



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He's going to marry another girl. I don't have to give him back his ring. I could keep it. Why should she wear the same ring I wore? He's marrying a girl who makes a big salary. They won't have to wait to get married, they won't have to wait until he's established, they can get married right away.

The lamp glowed quietly on the bedside table. A door closed. There were voices. Gay, hearty, happy masculine voices. That would be her father and the young intern.

"Maggie, dear," her mother's soft voice called up to her, "your father's home."

She was astonished to find that she could still use her voice and that it sounded quite normal calling back that she'd be right down. She stood up. She went over to her dressing table and picked up her small, square white purse. She took out the letter and read it again. Words leaped out at her here and there. "Always good friends . . . this is the hardest letter I've ever had to write,"

and at the end, where it used to say, "Good night, darling," it said now, "I hate myself for doing this to you, Maggie, but I've got to. It's better to admit we made a mistake now than to have to admit it after we're married. I don't want to be cruel, Maggie, but I don't love you any more that way."

She tore the pages across once. She fitted them together again. She thought, perhaps there's something—

Something she had missed, something that would tell her that he hadn't

meant it, that he'd get over it if she'd be patient and wait and love him terribly. She tore them across again. She dropped the pieces into a drawer of the bedside table. They'd have to be burned. There were so many letters to burn. A conflagration to light the end of the world.

Her father's face lit up when she walked into the big, bright sun porch. Maybe it was because he looked so bright and almost gay tonight that she realized suddenly, with a little stab of fright, how grey and tired he'd been looking lately. Once, a good night's sleep could erase those deep lines around his dark eyes, around his firm, straight mouth. But now, and all at once, she knew that they were there to stay.

Her father said cheerfully, "If John could see you now, he wouldn't linger in New York much longer." And then he said, "Maggie, this is Everett Edwards."

A slight young man with dark curly hair and amused dark eyes rose and held out his hand. He said, "You're the girl I tried to talk to at the bank this morning about opening an account. But you almost bit my head off."

Maggie remembered and flushed. He had asked an incredible number of questions, and she'd known perfectly well he just wanted to draw out the conversation as long as possible. But even so, she needn't have snapped at him.

"I'm sorry, but we had a terribly busy day today."

"That's all right. I guess we all have our days. You're entitled to yours. When I get on the wrong side of something I take it out on everybody I meet, too. Maybe we shouldn't, but—" And he shrugged and smiled.

"Nothing's wrong at the bank, Maggie?" her father asked with concern. "They're not working you too hard? That brother of mine," he explained to Edwards, "gets to be a regular slave driver sometimes."

It was easy to talk to Dr. Edwards. It was balm to her aching heart to catch him looking at her with a look that said, quite plainly, "You're so pretty. I hope I'm going to see you again."

No, she thought to that, comparing his slight form to John's tallness, his amused, dark-eyed gaze that didn't look as though it ever took things very seriously, to John's thoughtful blue-eyed one. No, I don't want you. I don't want anyone but John, ever. Why can't he want me?

The dinner passed pleasantly, after all. Dr. Edwards passed his plate twice and talked constantly and had dozens of anecdotes to tell about his early life on a ranch, about working his way to Europe on a freighter. Maggie's father was pleased that her guest was so appreciative of her cooking. Maggie couldn't help but be touched by some of it. She could forget the letter, forget the answer she would have to give that letter for a little while longer.

Promptly at eight-thirty the phone rang and Maggie's heart leaped with new hope. It was John. He had regretted the letter. He was calling to tell her so. But it wasn't John. It was the hospital calling Dr. Edwards.

"I hate to eat and run. I hope it doesn't cut me out of another invitation."

"Nonsense," said Maggie's mother. "Come often. I always like young people in the house."

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Maggie's father said, "We'll have that talk tomorrow."

When his small car had backed out of the driveway, Maggie's father sighed. "Now if you were marrying someone like that—not that I have anything against John, mind you. But you will be living in the States and lately, since he's gone to New York—I don't know—last time he was here, I didn't feel as though I knew him at all. Felt as though he sort of looked down on us a little."

Maggie's mother was settled in one of the big easy chairs in the living room and her husband took up his usual position opposite her while Maggie prepared to do the dishes. Maggie's mother was saying, "Now, Wallace, it's Maggie's life and it's not up to us to influence her."

"I know," said her father, stretching out comfortably. "I know. As a matter of fact, I don't imagine any girl is going to hook young Edwards for a long time, anyway. He's just running away from one."

With the short apron over her dress and a dish in each hand, Maggie came back into the room to say, "From one of what?"

"Girl. I don't hold it against the boy," her father went on, tamping tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. "Those things happen. Why, it almost happened to me once."

"What almost happened to you?"

"Marrying the wrong girl. Remember, Edna," he addressed his wife. "Her name was Ruby. Ruby Simms. I got to going with her one summer while your mother was in Europe. By the time September rolled around, Ruby had the idea I ought to marry her. We went to somebody's wedding and I guess I had my share of champagne. When we were driving back I got to saying something about how she and I had gone to so many weddings that summer that by the time it was our turn we'd really know our parts backward. Well," her father remembered with a chuckle, "that did it. She turned to me and threw her arms around me and said, 'Why, darling, you're proposing to me.'"

Maggie's mother smiled and sent her husband a long, tender look. "I'll never forget it," she said. "When I got back from Europe she came to see me—and my mother—and told us Wally had compromised her honor and—oh, I don't know—all sorts of dreadful stuff. Of course, I knew your father never could have loved anyone as coarse and common as that so I sent her packing."

"She almost hung a breach of promise suit on me, though. And that wouldn't exactly help a young doctor just getting started."

Maggie said, "What happened to her, finally?"

"Oh, she caught another fish," said her father placidly. "She was out to get married and that was that. I gather the girl young Edwards got tied up with was the same kind. He'd known her all his life and got in beyond his depth before he quite knew what was happening. When he realized he couldn't go through with it and she wouldn't call it off, he left town the day before they were supposed to get married. So as I say, it'll be a long time before he gets involved with a girl again."

"But what about the girl? I think that's horrible—"

Her father gave her a shrewd, knowing look that seemed to be reading every

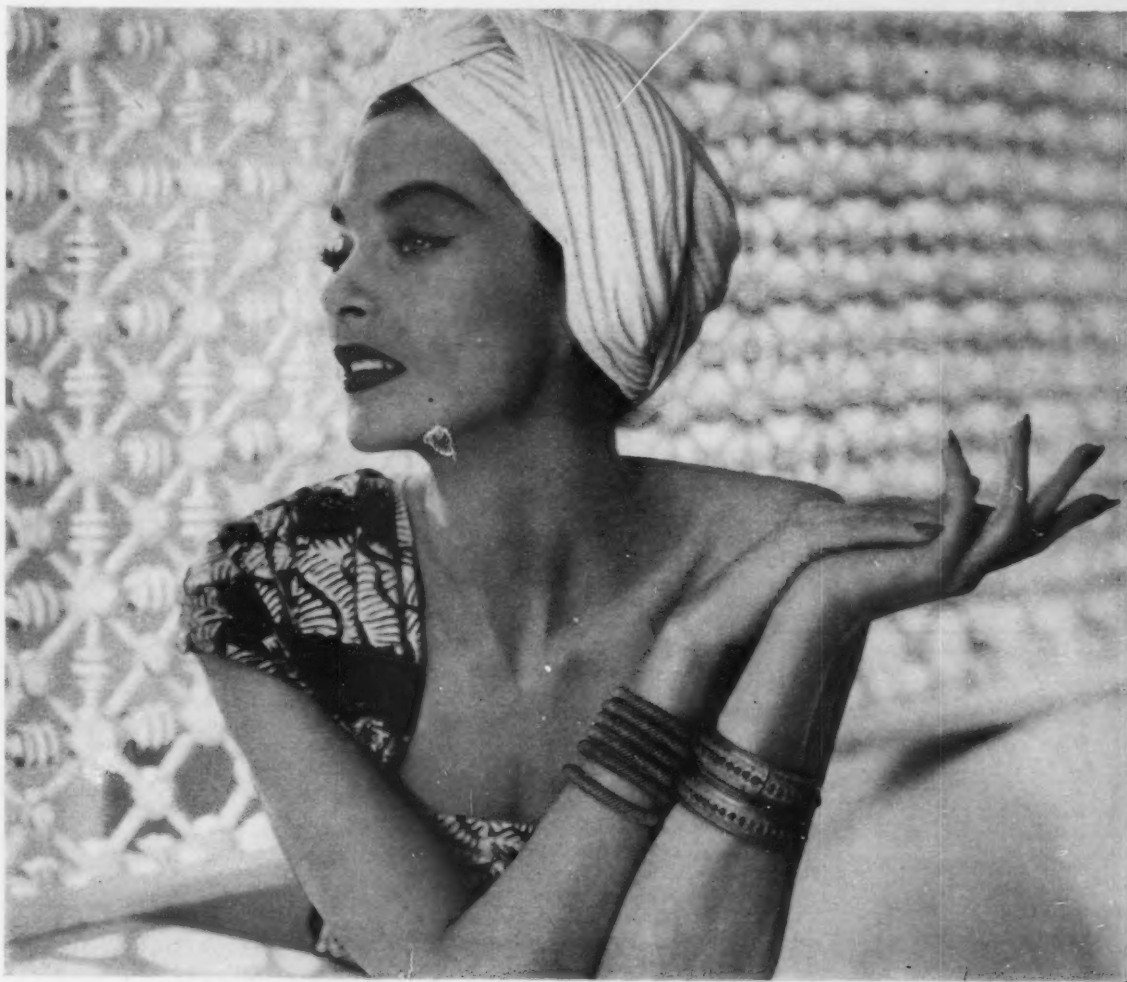
thought she had, and even the torn bits of letter lying upstairs in that drawer. "Do you think a girl who really loved a man would want to hold him to a promise he regretted making? And any man who really cares about a girl and sees her a lot finds it hard to know what to say when she starts talking about marriage and saying she sort of thinks he ought to marry her. Sometimes he doesn't know himself, he's just not sure, like young Edwards. But when he is sure she ought to let him go."

Maggie still stood there, holding a plate in either hand. She thought surely her father must hear the wild hammering of her heart, must hear the wild, rejecting things she was thinking. She had not been like that, she had not done that. She had not trapped him into asking her to marry him. Or had she?

She turned and went back into the kitchen, scraping plates and stacking dishes in the dishwasher, but actually, she was in Montreal and John was saying, as John had said, "I could be

happy with you for the rest of my life," and she had said, "Let's tell our parents that we're going to be married."

The dishwasher whirled and the dishcloth was hung up to dry and the soft air blowing through the open windows was redolent of spring, heavy with the smells of honeysuckle and lilacs and roses, but her heart was sick. Had she done that to him? Had she given him months of torment—months when he'd dreaded the thought of hurting her, when he'd hoped, perhaps, that he'd feel



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as she did about getting married? Had she made him feel like a heel? Had he been trying, at Christmastime, to screw up his courage to say to her, "Let's call it off—?"

Yes, she thought numbly, knowing it all at once. He had, and she had sensed that he had and never given him the chance. Beneath the mistletoe when he'd said, "I never want to hurt you, I love you for loving me"; his slight reluctance to go to all the parties she had planned for him; his slight withdrawal when he spoke to her parents that had made her father say, "I think John's gone high-hat. He seems to think he's too good for us since he's gone to work in New York."

He was hurting, all those weeks and months, just as she was hurting now. She was like that Ruby Simms her father had mentioned, like that girl who had refused to call off her engagement to Dr. Edwards. Not women in love, but women who wanted to get married, who were going to hang onto a man whether he wanted them or not.

She felt sick at the thought. But deep in her heart, she knew there was bitter truth in it. And she would rather have gone through with the marriage, even knowing John felt reluctant, than to face people and have to admit the engagement was canceled!

Upstairs, she took the pieces of the letter out, put them in a brass bowl, and the paper caught and flared, smoked and subsided into ashes. She would burn the others in the morning in the fireplace downstairs when no one was up. There were such stacks of them, for she'd saved every one from the very first note.

The brass bowl was full of black, papery wisps. Maggie lay on her bed.

The way his hair grew. His three-cornered smile. The feel of his mouth on hers. His hands, hard and firm. The way he walked, that long, loose stride. His voice when he spoke her name.

The time she went out on the lake with him and slipped getting into the boat and fell overboard. The time he had the flu and his grandmother let her come when he was better and sit beside him, with the silly gauze mask over her face, and the way he'd complain, "But I can't kiss you."

She rolled over on the bed and buried her face in the cool, crisp pillow slip. The children they'd planned to have, where they'd send them to school. He had cared, then, as much as she. When had he changed? When had she become the pursuer, he the pursued? Ever since that moment in the fraternity house, she thought. He knew it then. He didn't want to hurt or to embarrass me. So he waited, he let it drift. He thought, when he went away, that maybe I'd find someone else. He hoped for that. He said, "Have dates while I'm gone, don't sit home alone." A man who loves a girl, really loves her, does not say that. He says, "Don't see anyone else. You belong to me."

I'll have to leave this town, she thought wearily. I can't stand it. I can't stay here, thinking about him, seeing people who knew him, who knew how much I loved him. I'll get a job far away. I've got to— And she thought, undressing slowly, tomorrow I'll send back his ring, and tomorrow I'll tell people, and tomorrow I'll tell my parents that I have to go away, that I can stand it, but not here.

When she woke in the morning, Maggie had forgotten. "John," said her heart, out of her dreams.

Then the dreams were gone. There was no John. Just another day. A day without end and without beginning. Get up and bathe and dress and eat breakfast; wear your mask; go to the office. And say, when they ask you, "Yes, I had a letter last night. John agreed with me that we should call off our engagement."

Say it proudly. Say it with your head held high. Say it as a woman should who loves a man too much to fight to keep what demands to go free.

As she was walking to the office with long, bright, swinging steps, someone came along beside her and spoke. It was the young lawyer she'd passed on the courthouse steps last night. A tall, grave young man with eyes that looked intensely blue in the bright morning sunlight.

"May I speak to you this time?" he said humorously. "You don't look so mad this time."

"Mad? I wasn't mad. Not really. It was just that, well, something happened to upset me."

"Well, maybe I could help get your mind off it. Mind if I walk you to the bank, Maggie? And my name is Pete, in case you've forgotten."

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten. Mother and I have been meaning to call you and have you over and maybe meet some of the young people in town."

"I've met the young people I want to meet. I'm walking along beside her right now."

Oh, well, it didn't hurt to have a handsome man tell you he liked you. And Pete didn't know John. He wouldn't ask her anything. He wouldn't see a ring on her finger because she'd taken it off and put it in its little box, ready to be mailed off.

She said, "It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"It is now," he answered and smiled down at her. He said, "Funny how much more like spring it is when you walk beside a pretty girl."

She looked up at him and saw him for the first time. For so long she had been looking at men without seeing them. She liked what she saw. She asked, "Do you think you're going to like living here, Pete?"

"I'm liking it more every minute. And I'd really love it if you thought you could go to the Bijou with me tonight. That is, if you haven't seen the show."

She hadn't. In these two weeks of waiting for that last letter, she had gone nowhere, seen no one. She said, "Why, I'd love to go, Pete. Suppose you call for me at about eight."

She entered the bank and braced herself for the questions: "Have you heard from John today? Whatever happened to your ring?" But Uncle Pete was all upset because his son at Queen's had written home that he didn't want to finish college. Nancy, the girl who worked at the next desk to Maggie's, looked red-eyed and unhappy. She and her young husband had only been married eight months and she had found out last night that she was pregnant. "We're glad, of course, only Allan's not really making much yet and neither of us has any family we can move in with. Honestly, Maggie, I just don't know what I'll do."

Maggie answered telephones and took letters. At noon she mailed the ring

back to John. She sent no letter. She wouldn't be able to keep the bitterness out of a letter, and she didn't want him to know she was bitter. She didn't want him to pity her.

It was a long time until late afternoon. A hundred years in a few hours and the face of the world being changed and the end having come. As she went up the steps, she heard her mother calling her. "Pete called and said perhaps you'd rather go to a later show, so I told him to drop by for dinner. I hope it's all right."

And then Maggie saw her mother's face and knew that her mother knew. How, she didn't know, except that people do know things about the people they know very well. And perhaps her mother and father had heard her crying last night. She blessed them for not having come in to her, for letting her keep things to herself until she was ready to talk about them.

"Why," she said, gay for her mother's sake, "that's fine. I like him. He seems awfully nice, and I've been meaning to have him over."

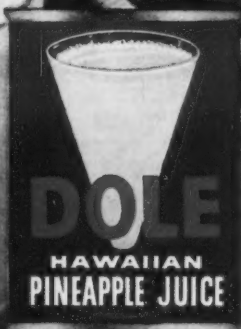
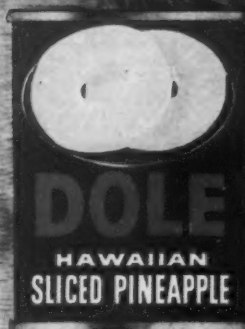
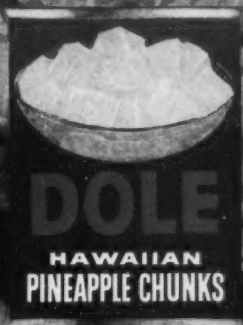
Wear a pretty dress, wear a pretty smile. Think of all the people who love you and care about you and remember not to hurt because you've been hurt. Keep pretending you're happy and maybe, some day, you'll be happy again. You're lonely and hurt, of course, but so is Pete lonely and so is Everett Edwards lonely and they're not going around with a long face, taking it out on other people. Edwards had tried to cheer her up last night, just sensing something was wrong, and Pete was trying to cheer her up and even her mother, making another big dinner tonight, trying to do what she could because there was so much she couldn't do. So much no one could do, except Maggie.

There in the bureau drawer were John's letters. A fat bundle of them. She'd meant to take them out tonight, read them over, her heart bleeding to death as she destroyed them one by one, like tearing up bits of her own living flesh. She opened the drawer and looked at them and closed it again. A car turned into the driveway. A star looked in the window. A shining silver star. Hearts break, and stars still shine. It was spring and two young men had told her with their eyes that she was very pretty.

Voices in the hall, life where there had been death. Her father coming home. Pete arriving. Each person down there had some secret worry, some secret fear locked away in his heart but they were putting on their happiest faces just for her. And she could do the same, she told the grave young girl in the mirror.

"Of course you're sick about what happened, and of course Pete or Everett Edwards don't mean to you, can never mean to you, what John meant. But you can pretend, just for their sakes, can't you?"

She was smiling, very faintly, as she went downstairs. Because she was nineteen, and a star shone, and it was spring. Heartbreak remains but there is healing. And the end of the world is not yet. Not with a new spring dress, and new friends, and the good feeling that comes to you when you've found the courage to do the right thing, and to give happiness to another and to know you have a right to feel proud of yourself as you go lightly down the stairs, to whatever is waiting for you. ♦



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July

Here are tempting July dinners to get your family eating that one good, hot meal they need every day in summer

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FRI 1	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Cabbage and Pepper Slaw Caramel Custard Milk	Fillet of Sole Tartare Sauce Fluffy Rice Green Beans Fresh Rhubarb Pie Coffee	WED 20	Honeydew Melon French Toast Coffee	Split Pea Soup Sugared Black Cherries Bran Muffins with Date and Cream Cheese Filling Milk	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Pan-browned Potatoes Spinach Apricot Whip Tea
SAT 2	Half Grapefruit Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Toasted Peanut Butter Sandwiches Jellied Raw Vegetable Salad Baked Apples Milk	Barbecued Sparsirib Tossed Green Salad Cantaloupe Brownies Coffee	THU 21	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Stewed Fresh Plums Drop Cookies Milk	Jellied Tongue Loaf Creamed Potatoes and Onions Tomato and Lettuce Salad Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce Coffee
SUN 3	Ready-to-eat Cereal with Berries Jelly Omelet Coffee	Corn Chowder Banana, Orange and Raspberry Salad Hot Tea Biscuits Milk	Chicken Smothered in Cream New Potatoes Minted Peas Vanilla Ice Cream on Brownie Squares Coffee	FRI 22	Fresh Pineapple Ready-to-eat Cereal Date Muffins Coffee	Cream of Chicken Soup Fresh Fruit Salad Rolls Milk	Cheeseburgers Potato Chips Cole Slaw Sour Cream Dressing Upside-down Fudge Pudding
MON 4	Grape Juice Bacon Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs Brown Rolls Apple Crisp Milk	Cold Cuts Buttered Asparagus Carrot Coins Raspberry Bavarian Cream Coffee	SAT 23	Blended Fruit Juice Rolled Oats Toast Coffee	Picnic Lunch	Chili Con Carne Endive and Onion Salad Corn Bread Cream Puffs Coffee
TUE 5	Tomato Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Fresh Stewed Rhubarb Milk	Pan-fried Liver Creamed New Potatoes Beets Lemon Sherbet Oatmeal Crisps	SUN 24	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Blueberry Pancakes Coffee	Club Sandwiches (cheese, bacon, tomato) Celery Carrot Sticks Raspberry Tartlets Milk	Glazed Ham Sweet Potato Puff Asparagus Fruit-filled Meringues Coffee
WED 6	Applesauce Porridge Toast Coffee	Poached Eggs on Fresh Spinach Fresh Pineapple Ice-box Cookies Milk	Baked Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli Jellied Fruit Cup Coffee	MON 25	Pineapple Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs and Mushrooms on Toast Orange Chiffon Cake Milk	Cold Cuts (ham, tongue) Potato Salad Raspberry Parfait Coffee
THU 7	Fresh Plums Ready-to-eat Cereal English Muffins Coffee	Leftover Meat Loaf with Egg Sauce Sliced Tomatoes Pineapple and Orange Cup Milk	Veal Birds Baked Potatoes Green Lima Beans and Corn Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee	TUE 26	Berries and Cream Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Peppers with Leftover Ham Fresh Plums Chiffon Cake (from Monday) Milk	Creamed Sweetbreads Fluffy Rice Succotash Blueberry Pie Coffee
FRI 8	Sliced Oranges Porridge Toast Coffee	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Green Salad Cupcakes Milk	Salmon Loaf Green Beans Shoestring Potatoes Raspberry Shortcake Coffee	WED 27	Stewed Plums Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee	Parsley and Egg Sandwiches Waldorf Salad Date Squares Milk	Swiss Steak Tomato Gravy Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Pineapple Wedges Cookies
SAT 9	Apple Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Mushroom Soup Green Peas Bread Sticks Blueberries Milk	Pork Chops Onion Rings Baked Potatoes Ice Cream Snowballs Chocolate Sauce Coffee	THU 28	Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee	Scalloped Corn and Green Peppers Fresh Peaches Oatmeal Cookies Milk	Jellied Veal Loaf Creamed Asparagus Tender Beets Chocolate Layer Cake Coffee
SUN 10	Fresh Fruit Bowl Waffles Coffee	Jellied Consommé with Lemon Assorted Sandwiches Chocolate Milkshake	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Cherry Cobbler Coffee	FRI 29	Orange and Pineapple Juice Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee	Celery Soup Veal Loaf Sandwiches Chilled Melon Milk	Shrimp Creole Fresh Peas Broiled Tomatoes Chocolate Cake à la Mode Coffee
MON 11	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee	Roast Beef Sandwiches Green Onions Radishes Chilled Melon Iced Cake Milk	Corn and Cheese Soufflé Green Beans Buttered Onions Apple Dumplings Lemon Sauce Coffee	SAT 30	Grapefruit and Orange Sections Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Jellied Tomato Consommé Celery, Carrot and Olive Salad Baked Cup Custards Milk	Curried Chicken Wings Broccoli Pineapple Crumb Pudding Coffee
TUE 12	Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Apple, Cabbage and Raisin Salad Cake (from Monday) Milk	Shepherd's Pie Broiled Tomatoes Wax Beans Fruits in Lime Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee	SUN 31	Applesauce Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee	Broiled Beefsteak Pan-browned Potatoes Spinach and Onion Salad Coconut Cream Pie Coffee	Make-your-own Sandwich Supper Fresh Fruit Bowl Small Cakes Iced Beverage
WED 13	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Tomatoes Chef's Salad Vanilla Ice Cream Berry Sauce Milk	Stuffed Chicken Legs Creamed Onions Buttered Spinach Raspberries Sugar Cookies Coffee				
THU 14	Mixed Vegetable Juices Fresh Scones Cheese Coffee	Deviled Egg Salad Whole-wheat Rolls Applesauce Milk	Baked Midget Pork Roll Glazed Sweet Potatoes Asparagus Pear Halves with Chocolate Sauce				
FRI 15	Raspberries and Cream Ready-to-eat Cereal Raisin Toast Coffee	Cold Cuts Potato Salad Stewed Apricots Cookies Milk	Tuna Casserole Buttered Noodles Peas Angel Cake Marshmallow Mint Sauce				
SAT 16	Orange Sections Bacon Toast Coffee	Onion Soup Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches Butter Tarts Milk	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Tossed Green Salad French Sticks Rhubarb Crisp Coffee				
SUN 17	Fruit Cup Sausages Toast Coffee	Vichyssoise Cottage Cheese and Peach Salad Butterscotch Rolls Milk	Fried Chicken Fluffy Rice with Mushrooms Corn Kernels Raspberry Upside-down Cake Coffee				
MON 18	Grape Juice Rolled Oats Corn Muffins Coffee	Clear Tomato Soup Parsley Potatoes Quick Vanilla Pudding Milk	Breaded Veal Cutlet Parsley Potatoes Glazed Carrots Lemon Soufflé Milk				
TUE 19	Grapefruit Halves Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomatoes Stuffed with Egg Salad Chilled Watermelon Cupcakes Milk	Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Asparagus New Potatoes Fresh Raspberry Pie Coffee				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

† VICHYSOISE

- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 cup thin cream
- 1 tablespoon chopped green onion

Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water. Sauté onion in butter until tender and golden brown. Add onion and potatoes to 1 cup of chicken broth; simmer until potatoes are tender. Put through a coarse sieve. Slowly stir in remaining cup of

broth, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Chill several hours. Before serving stir in cream. Serve cold with chopped onion sprinkled on each serving. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue



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Canadians buy far more Miracle Whip than all other dressings combined.



THE FOUR FEARS THAT PREY ON WOMEN

Continued from page 9

feeling a lot of women have during their first pregnancies. I have always compared the situation to that of a soldier who enlists in wartime. He knows he is going to face danger eventually but he buries the knowledge within him and is carefree during training. The dawn inevitably comes when he is loaded into a landing barge and headed for a black beach. He can't turn back now and he doesn't know what lies ahead; he sits there, trapped by circumstances with his mind swimming in fear.

It's like this with a woman, too. She knows from her childhood that she very likely will become a mother. She

puts the thought aside and goes ahead through her adolescence, her marriage. Then one day she finds she is pregnant. She can't turn back and she doesn't know what lies ahead. She feels caught, with no control over her destiny. This is the kind of fear that is woman's greatest menace. It has no face, like the fear of making a platform speech or the fear of reception lines. It is a shadow fear, the more dreadful to defeat because it is so senseless. If we hunt a little deeper we will find that the difficulty probably lies in the woman's reluctance to accept the responsibility which this pregnancy will bring. No longer can she be carefree and dependent. She must grow up, share her husband's love and nurture their child. It isn't only the inevitability of nine months of pregnancy and labor which she cannot sidestep but the endless future.

"Never try to pretend you aren't

afraid," I told my patient. "Don't suffer twinges of discomfort in silence just to show how courageous you are. Most important, don't keep this to yourself. Your husband's understanding will be your cure. A woman can face any fear as long as she isn't alone."

I am not a psychiatrist but I've come to realize that usually it is insecure people who have nameless fears. A fear of pregnancy can sometimes be the monster child of the fear of losing a husband. A sensitive man, sharing his wife's concern over the pregnancy and comforting her in the bad moments, can lift the load of fear with his solicitude alone. It is dangerous to fight fear in solitude—no one ever got over a feeling of insecurity by staring out the window at the rain.

Fear of pregnancy comes in many forms, though all have the same root. Sometimes a woman will say she is afraid of the pain of childbirth. I

don't believe this at all. The pain of childbirth isn't sufficient to justify nine months of panic. I know that many women believe that the pain of childbirth is the most severe pain known to mankind but it isn't. It is a minor pain next to the pain of kidney stones, for example.

One patient told me that she had surveyed her friends who had borne children in an effort to discover how much pain she would have to endure. She got answers that ranged all the way from one woman who told her that there was no pain at all to another who said she would kill herself rather than go through it again. "I'm afraid of pain," this patient told me. "You're not," I answered emphatically. "You're afraid because you don't know what to expect."

Some women fear their pregnancy because they cannot afford another child. The family has struggled through lean years, sleeping in crowded quarters, living in constant dread of an emergency because they had no savings. Then the mother discovers she is going to have another baby.

"I'm desperate," she tells me. "We simply can't manage another child."

"Nevertheless," I advise her, "your baby is on the way. It is senseless to hate your husband because this happened, hate the pregnancy, hate even the unborn child. Accept it. In this country, at this time, the burden of one extra child isn't insurmountable. If you need help, your church and your community will assist you."

Nine-Month Case of Jitters

These words are small comfort to a woman in despair. I have something else to tell her that often helps, culled from the knowledge gained in watching babies I have delivered grow to adults. "This child you are now carrying," I say, "may be the greatest comfort of your life—the most beautiful, the sweetest, the most intelligent of all your children. Don't begrudge him life."

When I was younger I used to be mystified at my patients who had gone blithely through three previous pregnancies and then, during their fourth pregnancy, turned into haunted neurotics. My office nurse figured it out and told me.

"They're scared that their luck will run out," she informed me one day when I was puzzling it over.

It's the truth. A mother with three normal, healthy children has a feeling of imminent doom about her fourth child. She figures the law of averages is about to catch up with her and present her with an abnormal baby. Or else she's certain that she won't survive another delivery. She envisions her three children growing up motherless and forlorn. In either case she has a nine-month case of jitters, which is a long time to be apprehensive. Actually a previous medical history of three normal babies and three normal deliveries practically guarantees a fourth normal baby and a fourth normal delivery.

Another woman who suffers acutely from fear during a pregnancy is the one who has had an abnormal baby. She must face the fact that she will be afraid most waking moments and in her nightmares. There is no point in a doctor saying "Don't worry—chances are that this one will be perfect." She is going to worry anyway until the moment she sees her baby and counts every toe and

CHERRY RIPE PIE

Here's a wonderful opportunity to test the truth of what we say about NEW DOMESTIC Shortening. The filling is just about the same—but oh!—what a difference in the pastry! You've never baked a pie crust quite so flaky, quite so tender ... so crisp and golden brown.

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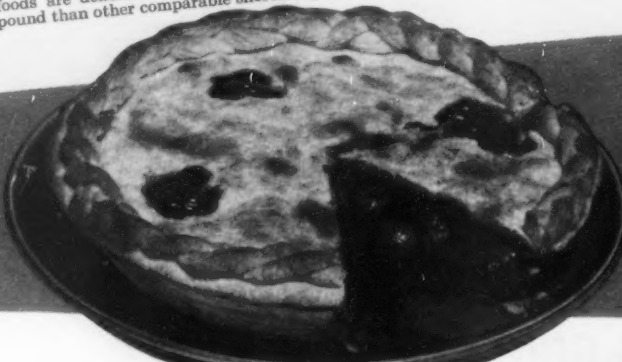
PASTRY	CHERRY FILLING
2½ cups pastry flour	3 cups York Canned Cherries
1 teaspoon salt	½ cup granulated sugar
5 to 7 tablespoons cold water	¼ cup flour
¾ cup NEW DOMESTIC	¼ teaspoon salt

NOTE: If fresh cherries are used, increase sugar to ¾ cup.

Prepare the filling by draining cherries well, mix with sugar, flour and salt. And now the pastry—mix flour and salt, cut in NEW DOMESTIC to size of small peas—add water, a tablespoonful at a time—notice how easily it mixes, notice, too, the smooth, even texture your dough now has, when you gather it in a ball and roll it out on your pastry board.

Line a 9" pie pan with this NEW DOMESTIC crust, put in the filling and add a top crust. Bake for 40 minutes at 400°F.

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finger. I advise them to worry out loud, talk it over with their doctors every time their concern becomes acute, discuss it with their husbands every day, if necessary. The martyrs who keep their fears to themselves, gallantly carrying on like someone in a B movie, scare me to death. As a doctor, I know what deep-buried hysteria is doing to their insides; psychiatrist friends of mine are even more anxious at the possibility of fear damaging their minds.

Women who have an abnormality themselves, such as a birthmark, curvature of the spine, cleft palate, have an equally unsettled pregnancy, full of vivid images of a newborn baby similarly marked. "Talk it out, talk it out," I say. "You're helpless to do anything to change the baby; make sure you don't let fear harm you."

Another massive reason for a woman being afraid to have a baby is, of course, the absence of a legal husband. Every obstetrician has met his or her share of unmarried mothers and faced the spoken or unspoken request that abortion be performed.

"I can't have a baby! I can't!" one career woman shrieked at me. "You've got to do something. This will ruin me!"

"You'll emerge from this a better woman," I said gently.

I truly meant that. Whether she is married or unmarried, the experience of having a baby is something which in itself can be the most wonderful experience of a lifetime. The other side of the coin, giving up a baby for adoption as most unmarried mothers do, is the greatest act of renunciation in the world. A woman's character and personality cannot help but gain from such a searing experience. It's the light to be found in a darkness that seems total.

The first adjustment for an unmarried woman who finds herself pregnant

is that she must stop looking for a way out. "You're pregnant," I advise them, "and you're going to stay that way. We will not even discuss whether you are going to have a baby or not, because you are."

Sociologists, theologians, doctors and philosophers have tramped up and down the subject of the morality and the legality of performing abortions when a woman doesn't want her baby. I'm a practical person, vitally interested ever since I became a doctor in the health and happiness of women, but I can never see any argument for interrupting a pregnancy unless the life of the mother is at stake.

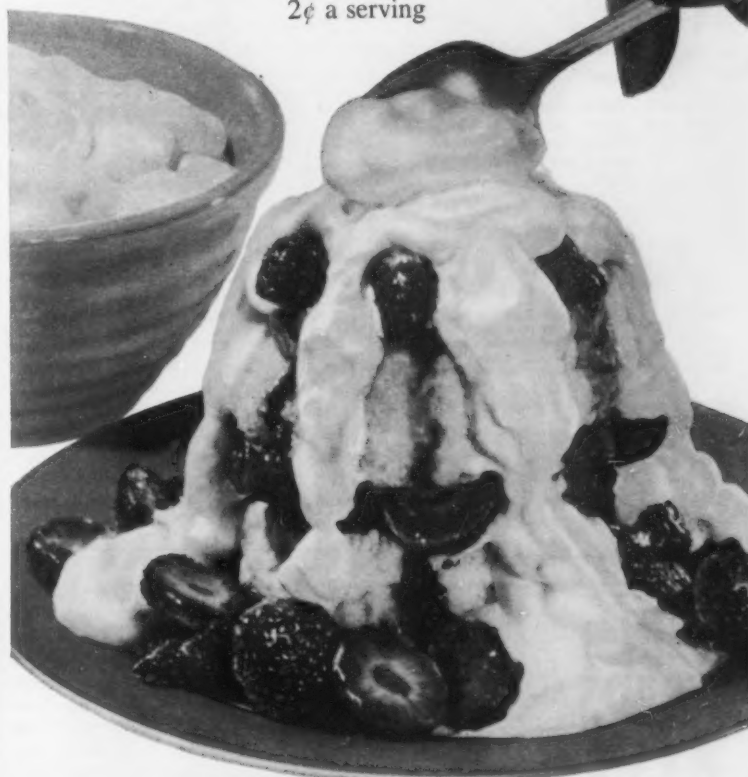
To perform an abortion for any other reason is tampering with fate. This pregnancy may be the only one the woman will have; this unborn child may be a great human being; he may be an unexceptional person who, in a moment of reflex, performs an enormous service to mankind. A doctor isn't prescient; he has no right of eternal judgment.

The last category of pregnant women menaced by fear that occurs to me is the woman who has had a difficult delivery with her first baby. Everyone in her neighborhood has heard a dozen times how many hours she was in labor, how many stitches were taken and how much blood was transfused. "Never again!" she announces vehemently, adding—to give an illusion of frailty—"my doctor says I shouldn't." When she does become pregnant again, she stages a tantrum in my office. She also gives her husband a heavy time of it, under the biologically unsound assumption that she herself had no part in the conception. All kinds of other resentments toward her husband can be highlighted with this weapon.

In the first place, I've found that women who have a tough time with

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(Makes about 3 cups)

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- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Chill undiluted Carnation in freezing tray until soft ice crystals form through milk. Whip until stiff. Add lemon juice and whip very stiff. Beat in sugar and vanilla. Serve at once over shortcake, fruit, salads, pies, other desserts.

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their first delivery often have a fantastically easy time with their second. I give this information, knowing she won't believe it, and back it with a mention of a possible Caesarean section, which has become a safe operation in these days of antibiotics. It is very seldom needed in these cases.

All women who experience fear over a long period in their pregnancies will suffer symptoms that their sisters rarely know. They will have heartburn, indigestion, constipation, palpitations and, probably, a longer labor. We have no idea of the cause of toxemia of pregnancy, but it occurs so often to unmarried mothers or to women having their first baby that the evidence indicates fear might be the culprit.

In order to fight fear, I try to achieve rapport with my patient. If she tells me everything that is bothering her, we have a chance to get rid of it by counsel.

This brings me to the patients who tell me they adore being pregnant, that they have no unusual symptoms at all to report, that everything is just marvelous. I'd like to shake these sturdy souls until their teeth rattle. They have symptoms that could be extremely dangerous, like severe headaches, but they don't like to "trouble" me with them. Underneath they are frightened and apprehensive but apparently they have decided that it isn't ladylike to admit such a failing. The women who complain may be irritating, but I infinitely prefer them to the Pollyannas. So does every doctor. Do not confuse my Pollyannas with the majority of pregnant women who truly bloom during their pregnancies into unexpected beauty. These know no fear.

I am reminded whenever I think of pregnant women hiding their fears of a patient I had many years ago. She appeared placid and composed whenever I saw her for her checkups; nothing, she insisted, was the least uncomfortable. She worried me dreadfully. "That woman," my nurse once remarked, "is carrying her baby like a sack of groceries." It was a wonderful comparison; the patient was elaborately casual. In her sixth week after her pregnancy, she tried to kill herself. I have tried ever since to penetrate every façade I recognize. It is hard going.

Some fears are passed down lovingly from mother to daughter like family heirlooms. Fear of having a baby is one, providing the mother mentions often enough how agonizing the process is and remembers to pity, aloud, every woman in the neighborhood who becomes pregnant. Her daughter will be terrified during her pregnancy, if she has one. There's a fair chance that she may never want to marry at all.

Painful menstruation is another legacy. I have found that if I am treating a mother for painful menstruation, inevitably I will be treating the daughter as well. The daughter has assumed that all menstruation is painful and she becomes fearful as her turn comes. This tension increases the spasticity of the muscles of the uterus; ergo, the youngster also has painful menstruation. Because of the power of suggestion, she may have painful menstruation for the next thirty years. Once a pattern is laid down, it is very difficult to break through. I've noticed, to my sorrow, how many times a pain is perfected by repetition. If you practice enough, you can even work up a dandy pattern of

headaches. It's just like playing the piano.

We are teaching our children about menstruation and sex much better now than we did in the past, to the relief of the medical profession. Most mothers realize how important it is that young girls accept menstruation as a natural function of the female body. The teenager should get a feeling of achievement from the act of menstruation, rather than one of shame and fear.

I'd like to deal next with the fear of cancer, which rides on the backs of some women like a foul monkey. I am flabbergasted at how many women are terrified of cancer. Some women won't even pronounce the word. This leads to enigmatic conversations over the bridge table like:

"Harry has been looking poorly. Do you think he has . . ."

"Could be. Janet, his sister, had it."

"Did she really! I've always wondered but I didn't like to ask."

"Terrible thing."

"Yes, terrible."

The ladies finish their game so sick with fear for their own internal twinges

☆ ☆ ☆

PUBLIC DEFENDER

By Mary Alkus

I'm glad my husband is a man
Who sticks up for me, best he can;
As, at a recent gathering
When I was tabbed for blathering
He staunchly stood, addressed the
room:
"If she's outspoken, pray, by
whom?"

☆ ☆ ☆

that they won't be able to digest the pineapple and shrimp salad the hostess is going to serve.

This attitude, as I say, really perplexes me. I can think of a dozen afflictions I am really afraid of, and cancer isn't one of them. Cancer in its early stages is usually curable but some diseases that paralyze the nervous system are not. I would worry far more about these slow cripples, like muscular dystrophy, and mental illness. These are extremely difficult or impossible to cure yet I rarely find anyone who is afraid of them.

I've wondered a good deal about the fear of cancer. Are these women afraid of death? I don't really think so. Except for the separation from their families, most people aren't deeply concerned over death. Are they afraid of pain? I doubt it. Most pain is bearable and unbearable pain is difficult to imagine. Are they afraid of the lingering, expensive languishing? Maybe that's it. Too many cancer patients in the past have been nursed at home, pitiful specimens that shocked and frightened the entire family. I suspect that much of the dread of cancer will be lifted when hospitals have room for all cancer patients.

More than all these reasons, though, I believe that fear of cancer is a fear of the unknown. It is a mysterious blackness with a ghoul's name and a sadist's reputation. All too often a person chronically afraid of cancer has just found a convenient label for her

chronic fear of insecurity. She is afraid of a future that may find her unloved, unwanted. We could try to remove the fear of cancer with a thorough examination, but we can't cure the fear. She will, if she must, find another label. One woman was pathologically afraid that her appendix would rupture. Someone asked her doctor why he didn't solve the problem by removing her appendix, healthy though it was. "That wouldn't help," he replied gloomily. "Then she'd have to be afraid of cancer. This is easier."

Afraid to See a Doctor

There is, of course, a healthy fear of cancer. Women between the ages of thirty-five and fifty should be aware that cancer is a possibility. They should have annual examinations to ensure that their body functions are in good working order. They should obtain information from their doctors as to which are normal and which are abnormal symptoms. These safeguards tucked under their belts, they should then go about their business without another thought about cancer.

The unhealthy fear of cancer is characterized by a refusal to go to a doctor. The woman is so ridden by the obsession that she has cancer that she cannot bear to have her diagnosis confirmed. This is tragically unreasonable but too common. Consumed with fear, the woman has a strained relation with her husband and children. She veers from tears to a mask of indifference. She can't be interested in her daughter's behavior problem or her husband's triumph—she has her sense of doom to occupy her mind completely.

I have a patient who is justified in her fear of cancer. Her two sisters, her mother and her father died of cancer. She comes to me for reassurance frequently and we discuss it thoroughly. She gets her fears out in the daylight, which is a fair way of dispelling them.

My friends have sometimes asked me what a doctor does when cancer is discovered in a patient. "I suppose," someone once observed, "that you have a case of hysterics on your hands when you tell them."

I have never had such a thing happen. I never say "I'm afraid you may have cancer. We'll have to investigate." This obviously is both cruel and stupid. Once the diagnosis is made that there is a malignancy, I begin the treatment. Only then, when I have something positive to tell the patient, do I reveal that cancer has been found. Her shock is cushioned by the knowledge that the battle to cure her has already begun.

One patient of mine was twenty-four years old, a beautiful girl with two small children. She was in hospital for a routine investigation of a minor complaint which was discovered to be cancer. Two mornings after the report had come down, a young nurse making the rounds with me said with terrible concern, "Dr. Hilliard, when are you going to tell that woman she has cancer?"

I started to make a casual answer but I was stopped by her grave expression. "When I am no longer devastated," I answered. "I have to stop resenting that this has happened. When I have recovered my faith in the purpose of life and even death, then I can face her."

The nurse thought it over and nodded understandingly. I was frightened and

I knew my fear would be communicated to my patient. She would need my confidence to face what lay ahead of her. When I finally did tell her two days later, she smiled and said, "I know everything will be all right."

The awful thing, as I have tried to stress, is to be alone with a fear. I have never forgotten the patient who thought she had cancer and was too afraid to come to a doctor. Finally, when she was very ill, she was forced to come to see me and I discovered she had advanced cancer, incurable. Her husband and her father insisted that I keep the knowledge from her. I agreed, reluctantly, and witnessed the stark terror in her eyes as her doctor and the men she loved kept insisting that nothing serious was the matter with her. She died in the ambulance to the hospital, alone and still frightened.

I will never again accept a case where I am forbidden to tell my patient what is the matter with her. That woman's eyes haunt me. I am sure I could have communicated some strength to her if I could have been honest; I am sure the love of her husband and father, given without a false note, would have comforted her.

One of my dearest friends, another woman doctor, died a few years ago of a nervous ailment that paralyzed her. She had the disease ten years and it was in its final stages; she couldn't move a finger, speak or turn her head. Suddenly all of us who loved her perceived that she was terrified. Her eyes were wild with fear and it was some time before we could figure out why. Eventually we recalled that a few weeks previously her three closest friends, a minister, another woman doctor and myself, all had had colds at the same time. To spare her the risk of infection, we had all stopped visiting her and she was left in a sterile vacuum.

Only a few days from death, she needed the warmth of our love to reassure her of the love of God. Without us, she had no faith and she was engulfed by blinding fear for the first time, after years of fearless illness. When we understood this, we stayed close by her. Until the moment she died, she was never frightened again.

Age — the Last Fear

This brings us to the fear of growing old, which again is a fear of not having affection. Women who are facing old age fear desolation; they fear that they have lost their value to their family and consequently they have no value for themselves. They face loneliness and having to be dependent.

Women whose sole sustaining asset has been their appearance are the most pathetic of all. Through their thirties and forties, they have put so much emphasis on attractiveness of looks and manner that they have given no affection, help or interest. Naturally they cannot expect to receive any affection, help or interest. As their faces and figures deteriorate with age, they panic. We all know wretched old women with orange hair, round spots of rouge and a determinedly girlish cackle. They are the saddest spectacles of the human race. I know them as a doctor because they are ravaged inside with the symptoms of fear—tremors, bowel and bladder irregularity, dyspepsia, insomnia.

Working women, as they become older, are exhausted by their fear of

losing their jobs to a younger woman. They dread poor health, which they can't afford. Housewives, as they age, fear the dissolution of their homes and the end of their usefulness. They are frightened that their children will become indifferent to them, that they will become an odious burden instead of the adored comfort they used to be.

It is a sickening truth: old people fear living far more than they do dying.

These fears reflect a negative attitude toward old age; there is a positive one. A woman past fifty has more to offer her employer and her community than she ever has known. She is serene, experienced, sound in her judgment and tolerant. If she avoids the paralyzing twins, fear and self-pity, she can be a beneficent influence in charitable work, in local government such as school boards and ratepayers associations, in improving her community visually through garden clubs or culturally through a symphony orchestra association. Her local church needs her wise hands for baking and sewing projects to help unfortunates. Her family, if she can abide their theories on child raising, will rejoice in her help as a baby sitter. And the world can always find a welcome for a cake baked the old-fashioned way, instead of with a box of powder and a cup of water.

As for appearance, beauty and grace improve with age—as any artist will tell you. Television producers have found that young faces appear shallow and uninteresting; older faces, wrinkled and caressed by time, are fascinating. Age, worn with dignity and charm, is a delight. A woman with no fears to irritate and tighten her nerves is a valued addition to any gathering.

I don't mean to give the impression that fear can be conquered at one gulp, forever. It never can. Everyone who is sensitive to life is afraid. The danger in fear is that it can make itself at home in our minds and sit there, breeding nightmares, doubts, terror, pain and suspicion. It must be met whenever it occurs and beaten, if only for the moment.

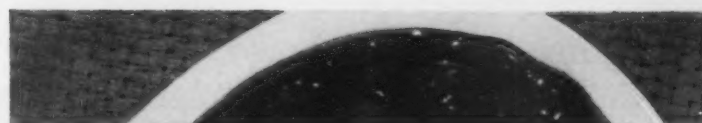
There are two reactions to fear: A woman can be a stoic and endure it or she can have faith in herself, faith in the future, faith in the love of those she loves. In the process of stoicism, everything dies. In faith, everything is bright and moving.

Never face a fear alone. You need people who can give you love and affection and these can never be abstract. To know you are loved, you have to have the touch of a hand.

Since fear is unreasonable, never try to reason with it. So-called "positive thinking" is no weapon against fear. Only positive faith can rout the black menace of fear and give life a radiance.

My faith is simple, but means everything to me: I believe that man was born to love and be loved and moreover is loved. I know, from watching moments of tragedy, defeat and despair change and grow into beauty and happiness, that if you truly love, "all things will work together for good." But if you demand security and happiness as your right and are wary of loving, fear will infiltrate the whole structure and everything is lost.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow . . . I will fear no evil, for Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me . . ." ♦



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By HELEN O'REILLY



IF, LIKE ME, you are one of those people who could be told every fortnight what bimonthly meant and still find yourself wondering if it were twice a month or every two, you may be a little vague about biennials. Let's get it straight once and for all, then, that biennials are not biannuals. Biannuals bloom twice a year, whereas biennials flower once in two years and that is usually the end of them—is that quite clear?

Well then, look at it this way: annuals live for one year only, perennials last for a number of years (literally "through the years"), while biennials have a life expectancy of just two years, flowering gloriously their second summer. There are so few true biennials that no seed catalogue I have come across bothers to classify them separately—they cheerfully lump them with perennials assuming, I suppose, that the gardener knows how short their colorful lives will be.

After all this mystification, you will be relieved to learn that the biennials I want you to grow from seed are not exotic, tenuous blooms that must be given hothouse care but the fondly familiar hollyhocks, Canterbury bells, forget-me-nots, foxgloves, sweet Williams, and violas that you have known all your life. I know you can pick up most of them as plants, enticingly boxed and all in flower or ready to burst into bloom, at a price that seems laughable for so much beauty, but I want you to have not only fifteen times the flowers, but specialties in shade and quality for the same price—masses of color for your borders, not just patches here and there.

To get down to cases, there is no great trick about growing biennials, it is merely a matter of forethought and patience. Now, early in July is the time to plant them, beginning with Canterbury bells, sweet Williams and foxgloves, then hollyhocks and forget-me-nots, and if you don't get around to the violas until early August, that's fine. When you consider that all these flowers drop their seeds after flowering and thereby spread themselves through the garden willy-nilly, you realize the job is not very difficult! The catch in nature's way is that these "volunteer" plants rarely come true to color and there are such delicious shades now in biennials that it is worth replanting them every year.

So to work. Dig up a small patch of garden and mix in lots of peat moss and/or vermiculite to keep the soil moist and open. Rake this until it is

beautifully fine, sketch in the rows by just resting the rake handle lightly on the surface, and sow the seed by gently tapping the open package as you move it along the row. These seeds are so fine that you simply pat them into the loose soil with a board or the flat of your hand and they are planted. After all nature just drops them in the shade of the parent plant and lets them take their chance!

And there lies the secret of success in germinating biennials, they must be kept shaded and moist until they push up their tiny shoots. Once let your seed bed dry out and harden over and your crop is lost. My method is to stretch a piece of sacking or factory cotton between two boards set on stones or bricks and to keep this contraption over the bed day and night until the seeds sprout. Check the soil every day for moisture and water with a fine spray whenever necessary. Within five to ten days your hollyhocks, sweet Williams, and violas will be up but it may be fifteen to twenty days before you spot your Canterbury bells, forget-me-nots and foxgloves.

Althaea Rosea at the Back

Once up, they grow quickly in the summer's warmth and your only worries are overcrowding and dryness. If you have the space, transplant them out in rows when they are two inches high (shading them until they have settled in), but you will probably have all the plants you can handle if you simply thin out your rows to give each plant living room. Keep a weather eye on them still for moisture, and water them regularly unless the rains of late summer keep them supplied. Apart from that, they are on their own until next spring you move them to bloom in your borders.

The hollyhocks and foxgloves are for the back of the beds, of course, and although I am a devotee of the solid patch of one color, I recommend a mixed package of the latest double-flowered hollyhocks, Chater's Doubles or Imperator, because the range of reds, pinks, and creamy yellows is so intriguing and the shafts of begonialike flowers are so glorious. If you fail to find hollyhocks in the catalogues under H, check under A for *Althaea rosea*. Look for the brand-new hybrid foxglove under the alias *Digitalis excelsior* for it not only blooms earlier than the regular varieties but it carries its nodding, spotted bells all around the stem instead of on three sides only. (After all I've said about

biennials if your foxgloves fail to flower the second year, they probably will the third so hold them over—and don't ask me why!)

Canterbury bells and sweet Williams take the centre of my borders and there is nothing more effective than a mass of either of these flowers in one splendid color. The cup-and-saucer Canterbury bells are my passion—*Campanula calycanthema* to you—in joyous cascades of delicate pink or purest white against a stand of delphinium's blue. Canterbury bells are true biennials, their second and flowering year is absolutely their last but, if you nip off their flowers promptly as they fade, they will bear a second crop of smaller blooms on the same stems.

Sweet Williams you will find most probably under the Latin name, *Dianthus barbatus*, and here again I am all for solid colors; but I am torn between the elegance of Newport Pink and the blaze of Scarlet Beauty. Oddly enough you can have huge clumps of each in the same border with striking (and I don't mean clashing!) results. I had never investigated the rumor that sweet William could be re-rooted by laying its stalks down and covering them with soil but hurricane Hazel did it for me last October, flattening the plants and covering them with silt and, sure enough, they have come up bravely!

As to forget-me-nots and violas, I am adamant. There is only one forget-me-not I would so much as mention and that is *Myosotis alpestris* Royal Blue, a dwarf style that doesn't sprawl, with brilliant deep-blue flowers that make a wonderful carpet for a bed of tulips or for a rock garden. Viola is the correct name for pansy but, by common consent it seems, violas are the smaller, monotone pansies sometimes called horned violets. These are far and away my favorites although I admit the appeal of those enormous velvet pansies and you can substitute them for violas in your biennial schedule if you prefer. The violas I am mooning over are Chinese blue, a delicate lavender-blue shade; Chantreyland, which is apricot color and out of this world, and Yellow Gem, a clear and lovely shade with fragrant flowers. If you shear off violas as the hot weather makes them grow straggly, they will come up again from the roots and bloom beautifully until the snow flies.

The hardest thing about biennial culture is waiting for next summer—don't you agree? ♦

THEIR SECRET WORLD

Continued from page 17

was something she'd said they would both do in time. He could adjust to anything, he thought, except adjusting.

Lights were on in the school gym, and the two big ones by the front door, which was being used tonight. Crossing the school walk, someone called out, "Hi, h'ye?" Someone answered, "Hi. Swell."

If you could say those two things just like that, you were all set at Glenville. You went on from there, of course, but not very far. Not like the jam sessions at Drake, or the evenings in front of Doc Rob's fire, when you really got down to cases. Wonderful guy, Doc Rob, started you thinking, really thinking.

"Hi, h'ye?"
"Hi. Swell." That was Art Lynch, with a twinkle in his eye, a wave in his brown hair, pushing through the gym door beside him, murmuring, "Hmm, not bad, not bad at all, at all." He meant the whole scene, the band tuning up, the voices, the muted excitement, the swishing of skirts, the couples.

Typical adolescents, Jim thought. This was it, personified. Bobby-soxers, drugstore jerks, big wheels, dream boats. Going steady. Whoever thought that one up?

"Hello. How are you?" She wore a red dress. She had a terrific smile that made her bright dark eyes almost disappear, and she personalized her greeting with a musical surprised delight, a lift of her chin that made her straight shiny black hair swing back from her face. Her name was Mary Deane Scott, she smiled like that at everyone. There was nothing to her, nothing at all, but just for the moment he could forget about his mother, the things he'd earned and lost at Drake.

"She's for me," Art Lynch observed, as though there was no doubt about that. They watched as she took a seat across the room, bent forward to listen to someone, looked up to smile.

"Kind of shallow," Jim said.

"Yeah," Artie drawled, not taking his eyes off her, "surely is." He started across the floor for the first dance, Jim took a quick step beside him. "Walk, don't run," he reminded. They were both there at once. Artie Lynch just reached out and took her by the hand, swung her into his arms. Mary Deane Scott gave Jim a promising glow of her eyes and her famous smile. Artie, the clown, couldn't resist a reminding bump, and Jim, righting himself, seemed to be bowing in the best dancing-school tradition. That was how he met Jenny.

"Watch it, will you?" She pulled a froth of white skirt, and her bright slippered feet, away from his clumsiness. She was all scorn and an angry blue-eyed glare. She drew a deep outraged breath as she rose and put a hand on his shoulder to dance.

A monster, Jim thought. But the top of her head only came up to his chin, so he'd better be sporting about it.

"Jim Gordon," he introduced himself listlessly.

"Flash's little brother?" she asked.

He looked down at her. "I think," he said coolly, "that there is a picture of you in my Latin book. Only they forgot your eyes."

"I don't take Latin, I wouldn't know."

"I'll see you Monday in school and show it to you."

"Okay." Seemed the monster could smile too, even glow a bit, stir up her voice with bumps of humor. "Sugar Bowl, corner table, four o'clock. 'Kay?"

"I don't touch the stuff myself," Jim told her. "I'll leave the book with Whitey at the fountain."

She spoke softly this time, a nice bumbly edge in her voice. "Just tell him it's for Jenny. He'll know."

Someone pushed into them, his chin came down sharply on the top of her head. "Sorry," he apologized.

"Sokay," she granted and moved a bit nearer to him. Her hair was fragrant, bouncy and brown, with glints in it. She was light in his arms. Not his type, definitely not his type. She raised her eyes, met his looking at her. Not anybody's type, not any type at all. A band of freckles marched defiantly across her nose, and unexpectedly he liked freckles. There was something impudent and angry in the set of her lips, and, surprisingly, he liked impudence and anger. A question stirred in her eyes, piercing the anger, and his arm moved protectively closer about her shoulders.

"I want the next dance, too," he told her.

She smiled then, a slow smile and a little one, and, answering it, a kind of wonder possessed them. And then he bent his cheek to her forehead and found she wasn't strange. He knew her well, he had known her forever. This was still Glenville High, still Glenville with his dad gone, and his mother lonely, but something incredible had happened.

Through the Paul Jones, the Virginia Reel, circle left and circle right, Jim and Jenny found each other. Jim could swing past any two or three girls, even Mary Deane Scott with her twinkling smile, and find Jenny. Once he nearly missed her, but a sudden tap on his arm reminded him and there she was, right behind him. They talked about that, about getting every dance together, but mostly they danced, they didn't talk at all.

"I'm walking you home," Jim said when she went for her coat.

She wasn't gone long. Her coat was rather startling, it was a little big on her, some sort of brown fur. He had a moment when he had to admit that she looked funny, almost all coat, bouncy brown hair and a small white face seeking his. He saw several of the girls turn to stare as they started through the door. No one had a coat like Jenny's.

"Whew," she said when they got outside. "Here!" She wriggled out of the coat and gave it to him to carry.

"Won't you be cold?"
"Me? Of course not. It's like summer out, only you can smell the leaves." She sniffed. "I like the smell of leaves, don't you?"

"I like the stars."

Jenny wrinkled her nose up to them. "But not to smell. And they're awfully far away. I'm not the stary type."

"No?" he challenged. "What type are you?"

"Oh," she laughed the low small laugh, "I wouldn't know that. You don't know it about yourself. You're the sophisticated type."

"That's right," he agreed soberly.

"Oh, oh! So you admit it?"



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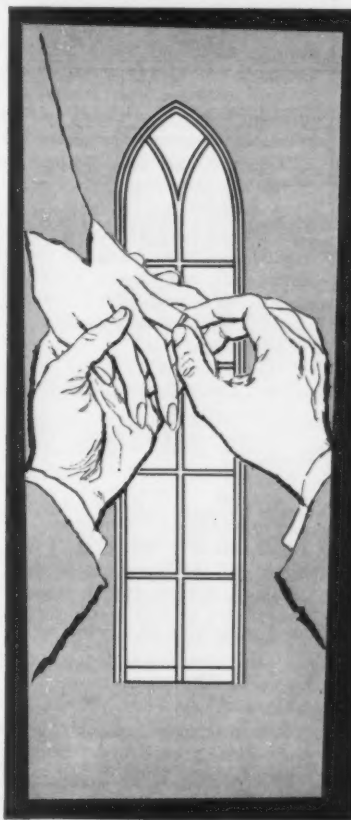
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"Why not? It's so."
"Okay by me. I can't stand these children."

"Me either. How old are you?"

"Well . . . going on fifteen."

"That's not very old."

"No, it isn't. You thought I was older?"

"Well, fifteen anyhow. That's what I am."

"I thought you were at least sixteen. One thing," she decided, "you can't help how old you are." They had come to the corner. "I live on Bristol Road," Jenny said. "It's a long walk."

"Great! I feel like walking."

"Me, too," said Jenny.

Bristol Road was in the new section, where the streets were roads curving in and out of the woods. The houses were large, attractively landscaped.

"Are you new?" he asked her.

"Yes, fairly. We were transferred. Insurance. You?"

"No, I've always lived here." He told her about his father, his mother being alone, about Drake. Jenny thought Drake must have been swell. She was curious about his father, his mother too, but she just said, "Rough going," as though that settled that.

Jenny had one brother. His name was Timothy and he was three years old. He was a great kid, just great, the best kid there ever was. She had parents. Period. And a new maid, Stacia, which was a break because now she could go out evenings and let Stacia mind Timmy. "She won't stay though."

"She won't?"

"They never do."

"It's the way they are these days," Jim said, though they never kept a maid.

"It's the way we are," Jenny corrected. "Here's my house." There were no lights on. Jenny stood looking at it for a moment, she reached for the fur coat, tossed it carelessly toward the vestibule.

"Good-by," she said. "I had a wonderful, wonderful time."

"So did I." Maybe it would be all right to kiss her. Of course there was only one way to find out, and she looked almost as though she were waiting. Then again . . . he waited, too. "I'll call you up tomorrow," he said finally.

"Better not."

"I'll come over."

"No. Don't."

"Your father?"

"Oh no—just don't come. I'll see you at school."

"Jenny?"

"What?"

"I'm coming over tomorrow."

"No. Don't. Not ever." Her eyes drifted to the iridescent sign on the lawn. E. J. Hempenwell, it said. She looked back at him and her eyes were telling him something. Suddenly she stood on tiptoe, her arms reached around his neck. "It was wonderful," she said again, and kissed him.

She was gone so quickly he hardly knew how it happened. She left the brown fur coat lying on the steps. He picked it up and hung it on the door-knob. She was there, just inside, he knew. Almost like hide-and-seek, except that he mustn't find her. This was different, not like anything he'd ever known before. Not like anything anyone had ever known.

He walked home, slowly, scuffling the leaves as he went, smelling them and liking their smell because Jenny did.

He came to his house, smaller than Jenny's, picturesque in the moonlight. His parents' first house, which they loved and never changed because of that. His mother had it just the way she wanted it. White pebbles in her driveway, the front door painted dark green with a bright brass knocker. He stepped into the beautiful order of it, went quietly up the stairs, very quietly.

From the closed door of his mother's room she called out to him, "Is that you, Jim? Did you have a nice time, dear?"

"Yes, great. Thanks."

"That's nice. Good night, dear." Her voice was bright, even in the darkness. He wished he didn't know how she had lain there, wondering if she were being selfish in keeping him home with her, planning things to make it up to him, practicing her smile. Then he remembered telling Jenny about it, and how she'd just said, "Rough going," in a summing-up sort of way. It was one more odd thing that he liked about Jenny.

You're not to come over, not ever."

But he thought about her all through church, all through Sunday dinner with his mother, and, when she suggested a nice ride out into the country, he said hastily that he couldn't.

"I have to see this kid from school," he explained. It sounded lame to his ears, but she accepted it and, about four o'clock, he started out to see Jenny.

The house on Bristol Road looked even larger by daylight, the iridescent sign twinkled discreetly on the lawn. Hempenwell, he repeated, Jenny Hempenwell. Timothy Hempenwell, Mr. and Mrs. Hempenwell. They all lived in that house, Jenny's family. He walked

up to the door and rang the bell. No one answered. He decided to ring it six times to make sure, six long rings. He did that, and presently he heard footsteps and the door swung open before him.

A woman stood there, a young woman in a taffeta housecoat, a blue one with jeweled buttons. She was very thin, her dark hair fell to her shoulders in thick untidy curls, her lipstick was fresh but uncertain. She held a cigarette in her hand. She looked at him out of remarkable blue eyes, waited.

"Is Jenny home?" he asked.

"Jenny?" She took a deep drag on the cigarette, then she held the door wider for him to come inside. There was an overturned tricycle on the living-room floor, a plate of cookies and a half-eaten sandwich on the coffee table. The Sunday comics were strewn on the floor. Mrs. Hempenwell walked crackly across the papers to a cigarette box. It was empty, so she reached in her pocket for a crumpled pack and offered it to Jim. He took one and she flicked a lighter for him, waving him to the sofa. "What'll it be," she asked, "Scotch or bourbon?"

Testing him out, perhaps. He met her eyes squarely and said, "Nothing, thank you."

"That's right," she approved, and dark lashes veiled her eyes for a moment before she moved uncertainly toward the kitchen. He could hear sounds of glasses, and presently she returned with two, plunking one in front of him, flicking her cigarette ash on the carpet, taking a chair herself.

"Well," she said, raising her glass, "cheers!" Her voice was deep-toned, wryly amused.

"All out of cigarettes," she muttered, fingering the crumpled pack. "Oh, here's one." She considered it a moment. "Look," she decided, "why don't I take it?"

"That's a good idea," Jim said. He had taken a few puffs of the one she had given him first. He left the glass untouched and presently she exchanged her empty one for that. "Cheers!" she said again.

He was wondering how to leave when they heard a car swerve into the driveway, into the garage adjoining the house. A man came in through the hall door. Jim could see him, he was tall, blond, and good-looking. He set a bag of golf clubs in the closet.

"Petty," he called, and came into the room.

"How was the golf?" Petty asked, not too interested. "Don't ask me who this is, because I just don't know."

Jim had risen, he held out his hand. "Jim Gordon, sir."

They shook hands. Petty remembered. "Where's Jenny, E. J.? He came to see her."

"Jenny?" he asked. "Probably at the movies with Tim. That's where she usually is. Jenny, eh?" He seemed to find that somehow amusing. He kicked the newspapers aside with his foot, looked long and hard at his wife.

"We are supposed to be at the Johnsons' at five," he stated.

"All right." Her voice was a light, bright challenge.

"Well, are you going like that?"

"It would be original."

He strode angrily across the room, the papers crackled beneath his feet, he took the glass from her hand. "Get

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going, will you please, Petty. This is business. Cocktails at the Johnsons'. Get it? Johnsons', not here."

Petty rose languidly. "Doesn't sound as though you'd skipped the nineteenth hole yourself, E. J."

"That's my affair."

"And this," she said sweetly, "is mine." She snatched the glass back, finished it slowly. Then she started toward the stairs.

E. J. looked around the room. "Look at this mess. Where's that maid, that Stacia, or whoever she is?"

"It's her day off." Petty leaned across the bannister.

"What? She only came yesterday."

"Well, it's still her day off. Every Sunday is."

The front door opened then and Jenny came in. Almost he didn't know her. She was little and thin, she wore a polo coat, socks, and loafers. She held a handsome child by the hand, a fair-haired, brown-eyed boy.

"Hi there, Timmy," Jim said heartily.

"Hello, Jenny."

"Hello." Jenny's voice was disinterested, displeased.

"Good show, dear?" Petty asked pleasantly.

"Will you get going?" E. J. roared. He shouldn't roar like that in front of Jenny, in front of Tim, even in front of himself, Jenny's caller. It was awful for all of them, you didn't know where to look, or what to do, or how to get out. E. J. kept on roaring. "Jenny, what's the idea, leaving this place like this? Papers, toys, food all wasted? Timmy, you finish that sandwich."

"I don't want it."

"It's stale," Petty said from the stairs.

"All right, let him eat it, teach him not to waste things. Jenny, you pick up those papers. Put away that bike. Empty those ash trays, and wash a few of these glasses around here." Jenny stepped quickly to do his bidding, and he turned to Petty, still standing on the stairs, watching him.

She said softly, slowly, "You great big bully!"

E. J. ignored this. Jenny flew about, her face flushed, her eyes shamed. Jim Gordon felt fight rise in him and recede in a tide of helplessness. Petty giggled and E. J. turned to give her a meaning look. Jim seized the sandwich plate and a couple of glasses and took them out to the disordered kitchen. Timmy rode after him on his tricycle, making the sound of a motor tuning up.

Jim waited, hearing Jenny with the ash trays, E. J.'s steps on the stairs and then two doors slamming hard.

The clutter from the kitchen was whirling merrily in the electric dishwasher when Petty Hempenwell appeared in the doorway. "You lambs," she exclaimed, stopping for a last quick look at herself in the kitchen mirror. It was a rewarding look. She was slim and suave in a dark dress and hat, smart cuffed gloves, and the short fur coat Jenny had worn the night before.

"I hope Stacia left some food for you. Timmy, bless your darling heart, what would you like for your supper?"

"Oh, come on!" That was E. J., freshly shaved and dressed, a bit pleasanter, but not much. "Call Bing's, Jenny. Have them send something up, sandwiches, hot chicken, or something. Here." He strode importantly into the kitchen, drew forth his wallet, searched it for money.

"Who's been in this?" he demanded.

"E. J. Hempenwell," Petty reminded. "Last night. Greco's. A party of eleven, if I remember correctly."

Possible argument teased the scene, but retreated before Petty's cigarette, which she brought to E. J. for a light, with a sweep of her incredible eyelashes. E. J. weakened. "Here!" He handed a twenty-dollar bill to Jenny. "Don't overeat," he said playfully, bending to kiss her forehead. He looked at Jim. "I guess you're harmless," he decided. "You can stay another fifteen minutes."

Petty embraced Timmy, called him her dear little lamb chop, which made him laugh delightedly.

"My sweet," she crooned to Jenny, kissing her too. "And your nice date." She smiled at Jim, hovered near him with an aura of expensive perfume, cigarette smoke, and Scotch.

"By," Jenny said mechanically, watching them go. When they were alone, she went to the refrigerator and took out some covered dishes for Timmy's supper. The twenty dollars she folded and dropped in the pocket of her blue wool dress.

"Do you like peanut butter and jelly sandwiches?" she asked, without looking at Jim.

"Sure, I'll make them." He ought to go home, or he ought to call his mother. But suddenly the kitchen was all Jenny. Jenny, thin and pale, with a young, tight face, set lips, feeding Timmy, her voice and her eyes caressing him with an agonizing love. She was Timmy's bulwark, the thing that saved him from E. J. and Petty. For this she would be humiliated, for this she was different from most kids, sort of old for fourteen, for this she had a hard look about her sometimes, and for this Jim's young heart reached out to her.

He cut the sandwiches, found a plate for them. Jenny said, "I'll take Timmy up, then we can eat in the living room."

"Want a fire?" he asked.

"A fire? Oh, that would be nice, if there's any logs. I'm not sure, I'll look downstairs."

"I'll go." They both started at once, stopped in the doorway. And it was like the night at the dance, the swift thrill of a shared thought.

"I'll get them," he said huskily.

"Thank you." Her odd, edgy voice was low. She was near enough for him to kiss, but suddenly she darted after Timmy, and Jim went downstairs.

If you could be anyone in the world you wanted to be, who would you be?" Jenny asked the question. Color from the fire heightened her cheeks. Shared excitement deepened her eyes, reflected the more personal tone of her voice.

Jim pondered. "I used to like Hannibal," he said, "then Julius Caesar."

Jenny stretched her slim legs out on the floor before her, leaned back against the hassock. "I don't mean anyone like that," she explained. "I mean present-day people, someone you know, for instance."

"I guess myself," Jim decided. They had been over so many things on this long evening. The clock in the hall had chimed the hours musically, remindingly. Stacia had come in and gone upstairs. E. J. and Petty were apparently still at cocktails. None of this mattered much. The important thing was this world of Jim and Jenny, newly discovered, happily explored. Just being

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honest, saying what you really thought, almost like those guys at Drake, the evenings with Doc Rob, except that this was Jenny.

"Yourself?" she challenged. "Even with your mother so lonely and all?"

He'd told her more about that. You could trust her, trust her like anything. "The way I figure it," he said seriously, "is that everyone has something. It may be a parent, perhaps both parents, most likely it is, but it could be sickness or no money—but it's something."

"I wonder why," Jenny asked, giving the "why" deep-toned rebellion.

"Well, if there weren't anything—"

"But why so much? I mean . . . well, for me it's all right. About them, I mean. But for Tim, it's not fair." She meant E. J. and Petty, she'd told him about that, the ups and downs of moods, money, irresponsibility and quarrels.

"Of course we do have Minerva," she said.

"Who's Minerva?"

She reached back to the corner table and handed him a photograph. Jim saw a woman, clear-eyed and young, with the kind of good looks his mother had, only stronger, lots stronger.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"My grandmother. Well, Daddy's stepmother, to be exact. She got all the money. So it wouldn't go down the drain. That's what the will said. She does it out. She's wonderful, though. To all of us."

"She isn't old?"

"No, just two years older than Daddy." Jenny took the picture, granted it a tender smile and a wink before she put it back on the table. "But I wouldn't want to be Minerva."

"Why not?"

"Because Petty just hates her. I don't know why," Jenny added, "because Daddy simply adores her. And she thinks the world of him, too. Just the way she calls him Eddie, you can tell."

Jim knew something, something Jenny, for all her odd child wisdom, didn't seem to know. He couldn't understand why he knew it himself, but it was the reason why E. J. quarreled and drank and spent too much money. It was because Petty quarreled and drank and spent too much money, and the reason was Minerva. He sent a worried glance to the photograph and back to Jenny.

"She's just wonderful," Jenny said proudly, glad to be proud of someone.

"Surely is," Jim agreed, and thought she probably was.

"I'd like to be Mary Deane Scott," Jenny confessed. "You said everyone had something wrong. But she doesn't."

Jim thought of the lilting, flashing smile, the way it made everyone feel. "I guess she hasn't," he said, and he saw the hollows in Jenny's cheeks, the oldness that had already settled in her lips. "But she's shallow," he added loyally. He hadn't really thought much about shallowness. It was an expression popular at Drake when a girl preferred someone else.

"Shallow?" Jenny repeated. "Yes, nice and shallow. I'd like to be like her."

Jim knew why without words.

"Gee, I wonder what time it is." They both looked at the hall clock. "Twenty to two!" Jim jumped to his feet. "I'd better go home. My mother's probably scared or something."

"She'll live," Jenny comforted.

"It's just that I'm sorry . . ."

"Oh yes," Jenny sighed. "Personally, I'd like to be inoculated against all of it, being sorry, or angry, or hating people and loving them, and not knowing why, against knowing too much and not enough, and," she rolled her eyes, "particularly against being young."

"But then you wouldn't be Jenny."

"So what?"

"So then . . ."

A car stopped, drove on. E. J. opened the front door and stepped inside. Petty wasn't with him.

"You still here?" he said to Jim.

"I was just going."

E. J. looked accusingly at Jenny. "Your home?"

"Not yet," Jenny faltered.

"She phone?"

"Yes, she phoned about two hours ago. She's staying with Martha. At least I think she said Martha. But they've probably gone to bed by now." E. J. muttered something and went on upstairs.

Jim turned incredulous eyes to Jenny. He had opinions about lying, about brazen, barefaced lying. Her eyes were following her father warily. Jim started out the door, she came to the vestibule with him. "I'm scared," she whispered.

"Don't be," he comforted.

"But I don't know where she is, I never do." Panic crept into her voice. "She's just lonely, really. She just wants to come home. And I never know what to do, or what to say."



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She was shaking now, his arms found her, held her fast. "Jim, where is she, where is she? I mean—she shouldn't be driving."

They heard the car then, turning with a frightful careening into the gravel drive, coming to a miraculous stop in the garage. For a moment there was silence, then the car door slammed.

"I'll go. You run up to bed," he whispered.

She clung to him for another frightened second. His lips rested on the top of her head. "I love you," he heard himself saying, "I love you."

"Like going steady?" she asked him. "Steady forever, just you and me."

She gave him her lips, soft childish lips after all. The sweet wild terror of his heart was the sweet wild terror of hers, and they clung together in the darkened vestibule while Petty Hempenwell came uncertainly through the hall and went upstairs.

It was as though someone had cut the night in two, part of it was the moonlit road and Jenny, part of it was E. J. and Petty and his mother, waiting home for him, waiting since mid-afternoon without even a phone call from him.

There were lights burning in the living room. What was even worse, his mother was sitting in a chair by the fire, reading. She looked up when he came in, and he knew the relief in her at the sight of him, sensed it reproachfully in his own heart because it was so great.

"Hi," he greeted her, "you still up?" "Oh yes, dear." She was half apologizing, half asking him. "I didn't know where you were." She didn't say he should have phoned, she didn't look or sound cross.

She waited, and Jim said, "Sorry, I stopped at a kid's house. A kid I know at school. I didn't realize it was so late."

"I know," she agreed, "time goes quickly. Well," the bright smile again, the one that struggled so to make everything all right, usual, "school tomorrow."

"Gee, that's right." He remembered that suddenly, and they said good night in a spurt of important necessity.

Jim did the locking up and she seemed to like his doing that. They had never been sentimental, so he didn't kiss her good night. But he knew she wished that he would, and he wished that he could, but he simply could not. It would be so nice, he thought, if he just liked her, instead of loving her. He heard her door closing and the sound was desolate, but better than the sounds in Jenny's house.

He went up to his own room. He took off his shoes, straightened the Navaho rug with a push of his sock-clad foot. Jenny! This kid! Yes, he'd done right calling her that, shutting his mother out. Not that she wouldn't understand. She actually would. Only he didn't want her to. This was the world of himself and Jenny, and it was like no other world that had ever been. It wasn't just kids. It was real. For all of their lives it would keep on being real. A sort of awful happiness.

His mother liked to drive him to and from school. It was silly, he hated it, but he knew it was two things in her day that were like the goal posts in a game, so he endured it, compromising on doing the driving though he was too

young even for a permit. The minute he got out of the car he started looking for Jenny, he kept on looking all morning.

The afternoon dragged. In the midst of study hall, he remembered something. The date to meet Jenny at the corner table of the Sugar Bowl. Of course they'd said that ages ago, Saturday night in fact. That was before anything had happened. But, still, she might be there.

She was. She looked more waiflike than ever, a rather defiant waif because the place was rapidly filling up and she had her books on the place beside her, her jacket on the seat. She saw him coming and her face lighted.

"Hi!" "Hi, I saved your place for you."

"Thanks. Oh, what will it be?" They both looked up at the waitress.

"Chocolate float, please," Jenny said.

"Make it two, and two ham sandwiches," he added. "That was a Drake special."

"Sounds different."

"It is. You'll see."

Their order came and they ate, Jenny murmuring how good it was. They didn't say much else. Their kind of conversation wasn't for soda booths.

"Gosh," he remembered suddenly. "I forgot. My mother!"

"What about her?" "She's waiting for me in the car."

"What for?" "To drive me home. You know, I told you how it was."

"You didn't tell me she called for you."

"No, I forgot. Look, you come too. I'll drive."

"No, thank you." It sounded almost rude, but not quite. But then, all she knew of his mother was what he'd told her. He got a sudden picture of her as Jenny must see her, lonesome, heartbroken, terribly uncertain, clinging to him.

"You'd better go," Jenny added.

"That's okay. She'll wait. She won't mind."

"She'll mind," Jenny said wisely, and Jim thought how right she was.

"Go on," Jenny urged mildly. Then, "I'll phone you tonight. Late." She smiled a very private smile for him, her eyes lighted, the waif disappeared. He smiled too and picked up the check.

His mother's car was waiting in front of the school. She was smoking and listening to the radio. She moved over so he could drive.

"It was such fun," she said, "waiting for you, watching the youngsters come

out of school." Her voice and her eyes glowed with the fun of it, so he wouldn't think she'd minded waiting. But he did think it.

There was a telephone in his father's study, just off the living room. Jim studied there so he could get Jenny's phone call. He felt like a dog when his mother smiled in at him, pleased because he was using his father's things. He hadn't thought of that until he saw her smile.

At half past ten she said, "Will you be much longer?"

"A while. This kid may phone. Don't wait up. Gosh! Please!"

She said good night and went up. She'd hear the phone, but she wouldn't know this kid was Jenny.

At ten of eleven Jenny phoned, her voice low and brusquely pleasant. He kept forgetting about her voice and being stirringly surprised each time he heard it.

"Hi, can you talk?"

"Yes, can you?"

"Oh sure. I'm down in our game room, on the extension. We can hear if anyone picks up the receiver. Was your mother mad?"

"No. She never is."

"Swell. Mine's fine too. E. J.'s on a business trip. Wait a sec."

Jim waited, seeing Jenny, small and alone in the Hempenwell game room. He couldn't imagine a picture of Jenny on a Drake desk or bureau, he couldn't imagine Jenny arriving for a Drake prom. He heard her voice again. "Hi, it's okay." The odd little bumbles of it, being sure of him, trusting him, enslaved him again. "It was Timmy," she explained, "he's fitful tonight, but he's okay."

"Good. I wish I could see you."

"Come ahead."

"If I can."

"I'll wait fifteen minutes."

"Kay."

Jim tiptoed to the front hall. He knew he couldn't be that quiet. He was right.

"Jim?"

"Yes?"

"Good night, dear."

"Good night. Hey, Mom! This kid wants me to run over for a few minutes."

"At this hour?"

"I'll be right back, I promise. It's not far. I'll take the car."

"Oh Jim!" She put tragic conclusions in the two words, he could just see himself behind bars. She came out in the hall upstairs, looked down at him anxiously.

"Mother, you know I'm a good careful driver . . ."

"I know, Jim, but—"

"You don't trust me?"

"Oh yes, dear, I do. I do, but you're underage, and—"

"Look, Mom, I'm not really underage, just in years. Just an accident of birth. And no one's going to stop me around these few streets. It will save time. I'll be right back."

She waited. The unfairness of his argument shamed them both a little. Then the thing they wanted was stronger than what they both knew was right.

"All right, Jim. I do trust you."

"Gee, thanks. Be right back." She was so darn nice. Nice enough for him to tell her the truth. Except, if he told her, it would vanish.

He backed the car out quietly, drove

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over to Bristol Road. He parked two houses below Hempenwells', ran across the darkened lawn. The front door opened and Jenny came out.

"Isn't it beautiful out?" she whispered. "Fantastic!" he told her, suddenly loving the road, the lawn, the shrubs, the casement windows behind them. And Jenny. He looked down at her and, in the dimness of the shrubbery, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I have to go right back," he said, wondering what had happened to all the things he had planned to say.

"Why do you?"
"On account of my mother."
"Oh, that's right."

He heard himself telling her, "But I love you, Jenny, I always will. Always, always."

"And me too," she promised.
"This isn't a crush. I wouldn't want you to think it was a crush."

"No, I know it's not. Jim?"
"Yes?"

"What do you suppose it is? No, I don't mean that. I mean, why do you suppose it is?"

"I really don't know. I guess because we're..."

She searched for a word, and so did he, but all he could find was "different." They seemed to know what that meant.

Being different meant not doing any of the things he could do. Sometimes, in the midst of Caesar's Gallic Wars, he forgot Caesar and heard grandstand cheers for himself as he made a touchdown. He could see Mary Deane Scott pausing to really consider him, her smile lost, for once, in complete wonder. Except suddenly he was past all that. He was sorry, because he was a good athlete and he knew it. But he had his mother and Jenny. He couldn't play.

With E. J. away on business, he had a clear field on Bristol Road. There were those late calls from Jenny, their long private talks, and finally his quick drive over there and their brief enchanted kiss. It was not without its risks. There was the night Petty came home in a car with three other women. She'd been playing bridge and she hadn't been drinking. Her laughter, calling out good night to her friends, was light and silvery and she hummed when she turned to go into the house.

There was the night when he thought he really was quiet enough coming in. For once his mother didn't call out to him. Then he heard her voice from the study, talking on the telephone.

"Russ, I hate to bother you with this, but I'm frantic." Russ was Russ Potter, his father's best friend. "I don't know what to do next. I've done all the right things. He just says, 'This kid,' he never tells me his name, he never brings him home. I just can't ask him because, Russ, Jim is grown up. There's something so adult about him, perhaps losing his father, but I feel I haven't the right..."

Jim went on to his room and made quite a noise dropping his shoes. There followed a few minutes embarrassed silence, in which he pictured himself telling his mother not to worry, telling her about Jenny, taking her worry away from her forever. He sat transfixed in thought, his mother's voice came asking down the hall. He heard the love in it, mingled with her worry and trust in him. "Is that you, Jim?"

"Hi, Mom, just turning in."

"Good night, dear." Everything was

in her voice, his father, his leaving school, her loneliness and the unfailingness of her. "Good night," he called back, and he left it there, disinterested and unexplained.

There was always the possibility that E. J. might come home unexpectedly.

"I don't like sneaking," Jim said once.
"I do," Jenny said. "Anyhow, five or ten minutes isn't sneaking."

"I know," Jim decided. "I've a perfect right to kiss you good night."

He did have a perfect right, so did Jenny. Only it wasn't really like that, not like the hundred or so darkened Glenville doorways, where dating teenagers lingered. It was different. He couldn't put it into words, but they shouldn't be different. Intruding was the picture of Minerva Hempenwell, with her steady, sure gaze, his mother's trusting permission, and the modest white house on Jenkins Avenue where Mary Deane Scott lived. Artie Lynch would hang around there, and Bill Trent, and Joe Mullins, and the sorority girls staying all night. They went steady, and busted up, and went steady with someone else. Nothing lasted, really.

But he and Jenny lasted. He wished for a second that they weren't that way. But they were. They were, forever.

E. J. was coming home. Stacia set to work on the house and larder, running short of patience with Timmy and detailing Jenny with tiresome tasks, all of which she relayed to Jim on their telephone conversation after homework hour.

"That's rough," Jim consoled, "really rough."

"I'll live," Jenny granted. She chuckled. "She even had Joe Mullins cleaning silver yesterday."

"Joe? What was he doing over there?"

"Oh, he comes over. He lives up the street. He's a problem at times. You know, hangs around."

Jim was silent, and Jenny asked gently, "You don't mind, Jim, if he hangs around?"

"Of course not," Jim said, speaking from his mind and not the slight sense of pique he felt about Joe hanging around. Why should he mind? Jenny loved him. He knew it with that rare certainty that he felt belonged to real love. If it made life pleasanter for Jenny for Joe to hang around, then Joe could hang around. He could be tolerant about Joe. But not about E. J. who was due to come home this very evening. About him he could feel no good emotion of any kind. Brother!

"I'll be right over," he told Jenny.

He parked the car three houses from the Hempenwells', turned off the lights. He could hang around like Joe did, but he didn't want it that way and neither did Jenny. It wouldn't be the same as their brief stolen meetings. There was nothing less like a melodrama heroine than Jenny slipping out the front door of her house. It was cold tonight, the wind blew her skirts, her hair, and Jim drew her into the shelter of the pine trees beneath the casement windows, where the ell of the doorway sheltered them.

"This is really dangerous," she said. "Daddy's coming."

"I'm not afraid of him. Get your homework done?" Jenny was down in three subjects.

"All but geometry. I hate geometry."

She fished in her pocket for a paper. "I couldn't do this one. Here, can you see?"

"No. Oh yes, you do it by angles. It's easy."

He stopped speaking, put a flattening arm against Jenny. A taxi stopped before the house. E. J. got out and paid the driver, came up the walk. He started to unlock the front door, they could hear his keys. Then he must have discovered the door was open, because he muttered something. They waited breathless, then the door closed.

"He'll think mother's out," Jenny said. "I'll have to dash in. I'll say I was downstairs, studying."

"He locked the door."

"I know. I'll crawl in the playroom window."

"I'll wait," Jim decided. "Flick the light on in your room twice if everything's all right."

Jenny made short work of the window. She threw her jacket in first and wriggled inside. He could hear her feet landing on the red leather upholstery of the bench below. She peered out at him once. "Kay," she whispered, and snapped the window shut.

Fight rose in him again, died away in a sickening wave of helplessness, as he waited. Everything's wrong in that house, he thought. Everything, and Jenny's in it. He watched, then in the dormer window over the garage a light blinked twice. He turned away and walked down to his parked car.

There was an empty place beside Jenny in the biology lab. It wasn't Jim's class, but from his study hall he could see the empty place and Jenny's head bent over the microscope. He crossed the hall, slipped into the place beside Jenny. She kept her face bent over the microscope, her fingers tight about the pencil that drew wavering circles filled with tiny dots.

"Everything all right?" he asked in a low voice.

"Awful," she whispered back. "I wish I could bring Timmy to school with me."

"What about Stacia?"

Jenny didn't answer, she was suddenly still, almost not breathing. It was her way of crying, or, rather, not crying. He bent his head close to hers, as near as he dared.

A voice boomed in on them. "Please go back to your own class and stop disturbing others." He looked up into the bright spectacled gaze of Miss Forbes, the teacher. He rose, sensing class approval for his daring. Jenny kept her head bent. He caught an admiring smile from Mary Deane Scott as he passed, a puzzled frown from Artie Lynch, considering him and then Jenny.

He wanted to wait for Jenny after school, but he couldn't find her and his mother was waiting in the car, as usual. He couldn't just leave her there. He'd have to wait until tonight.

Jenny had homework papers strewn about the dining-room table. It was only nine o'clock when Jim opened the front door and came in.

"Well," Jenny drawled, "how come?"

"Wanted to see you, find out how things were. What are you doing?" He looked over the homework papers. "How are things?"

"Fine tonight," Jenny said. "They were invited somewhere. Sometimes it is all right. If they could just stay one

way or the other. It's never knowing. Want a Coke?" she asked suddenly.

"Sure." He was finding the worry mood hard to discard quickly. Jenny was better at it than he was. He followed her out to the kitchen, trying to catch her abrupt lightness. She found Cokes in the refrigerator, zipped off a cover.

"Ooops!" Jim jumped back from a spurt of foaming liquid, not quite quickly enough. It was funny. Jenny's laughter peeled through the kitchen as he went to the sink and wiped off the foam. He couldn't resist the sink spray, aiming it at her. Jenny squealed and ran for the hall. "Oh Jim," she mocked.

Tim's water gun was on the window sill, it had never had any water in it. It soon did. Then the fun began, Jenny running, waiting for him behind a door, screeching with the unexpected spurt from the gun. They met head on by the telephone, shaking with subdued laughter.

"Just look at my sweater," Jenny scolded. "And look at the wall! What did you put in this gun, Coke?"

"Your sweater? What about my coat?"

"Oh dear," Jenny pouted, "his nice jacket."

She was always gently teasing him about his niceness, his clothes, his mother. He felt the edge of it because he minded it a bit himself, but he laughed with her because Jenny's laughter, her teasing, was special too.

They didn't hear the car at all, just the sudden voices in the garage. The joy drained out of Jenny's face, she pushed him quickly in the hall closet, ran up the stairs herself. He drew back behind the coats, still warm and breathless from their play, the water gun still in his hand. He hated hiding, but it was all he could do now.

E. J. was in a temper, something about Stacia.

"Talk about scenes," Petty was goading him with her deep grudging voice. "Who made that scene, I'd like to know."

"Okay, okay, okay."

"Be quiet, you'll wake Timmy."

"Will you answer one simple question? Just one? Why did you let Stacia go?"

"Because she was impudent." Petty was angry too, now. "Just like every other servant who enters this house. After they've met you," she added meaningfully. "In fact, I wish I'd known your taste ran to servant girls before I married you."

"I wish you had too, I might have lived comfortably anyhow."

"Well, I've told you, if you want a divorce—"

"Fine. Sure I do. But no court's going to give you those children."

"Oh no? Jenny knows what's what."

"Yes, she does, poor little beggar," E. J. said. "Just think that over."

"I'll fight you, E. J., to the—"

"To what? Every maid, every cleaning woman, everyone who's ever known us, knows."

"And I'll tell about those maids," Petty flashed. "And, what's more, if you press me too far, I'll take that precious Minerva of yours and—"

"Petty!"

Petty was sobbing now. "She started it all, she—"

"Stop it!"

"All right, but I'll—"

Upstairs Timmy was crying. Little scampering footsteps that Jim knew were Jenny's went in to him. Petty kept on sobbing, calling back things as she went up the stairs.

E. J. came to the telephone, right outside the closet door. Jim heard the hoarse breathing as he dialed, waited. "Mrs. Hempenwell, please." He waited again. Then he spoke in a low voice. "Minerva, she's going to do it. She means it this time. Dear, she could make a horrible to-do, you know she could. I am sitting tight. I am patient. Well, she's not *that* young, not any more."

E. J. kept saying he was patient, that it wasn't partly his fault. Listening to his protests, his feet scraping the floor as he moved them about, the telephone chair creaking with his weight, the number of times he started to say, "But I . . ." Jim knew with certainty that nothing ever had been E. J.'s fault and nothing ever would be.

As soon as the coast was clear he skimmed out. At home his mother was entertaining, just one table of bridge. In the kitchen there was a big piece of chocolate cake waiting for him. He ate it, hearing his mother's voice, remembering it was always low like that, and pleasant, that his father had always laughed, made a joke about things. He could still hear the things he had heard at Hempenwells'. He wished he didn't love Jenny.

He almost missed Jenny in school because Mary Deane Scott called out her greeting to him and Jenny was beside her, almost not showing at all. Jenny's face was set in lines of remembering. She shouldn't look like that. It wasn't fair.

He sought the empty place by Jenny in the biology lab that afternoon, pausing to tell Miss Forbes he had an important message for someone, making it sound official.

He whispered to Jenny, "Okay?"

She shook her head. "I don't know what to do about Timmy. A cleaning woman is there today, she said she came to clean, not to mind him."

He didn't ask about Petty. Jenny kept on drawing the thing in the microscope. He looked at the name in the corner of the page, Biology I, Hempenwell, J. Something about it seemed incongruous with Jenny, but so did the socks and the loafers, the pleated skirt and the wide belt that made her tiny waist seem even tinier.

"I'll walk you home," he whispered, and she nodded her head.

Mary Deane Scott winked at him as he went out of the room, and Artie Lynch frowned as though something puzzled him. The last bell rang.

Jenny was waiting for him by the side door. He took her books and her arm. "I ought to hurry, but we'll have to take the long way," Jenny said, "or else Joe will hang around."

They took the long way, walked slowly. "They're getting a divorce," Jenny told him. "I'll have to choose which one I want."

"That's rough," Jim said. "I suppose your mother?"

"No," Jenny spoke soundlessly. She was walking slowly, stopping to scuff leaves aside, kicking at pebbles. That's that, said her shoe and her stony concentration on it.

Continued on page 53

"Yes, Christ Gave Us The CATHOLIC MASS"

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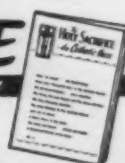
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when this is done, Christ is present on the altar—offering Himself as He had promised, "for the remission of sins." If this were not true, "Do this in remembrance of Me" would be empty and meaningless words, which is inconceivable.

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What Causes Those Sudden Infant Deaths?



A mother asks why her normal, healthy, happy baby girl of three months died suddenly, within hours, for no apparent reason. Here is her letter and Dr. Robertson's answer

... In a few days now, it will be exactly a year since the birth of my third child. There will be no birthday celebration of any kind. The other children will not be reminded of the date, nor of its significance. As long as we live, my husband and I will remember it and keep it in our hearts. But it will belong to us alone, because the baby died when she was just past three months old.

She was a lovely little thing, weighing five pounds at birth, half a pound more than the birthweight of her five-year-old sister. It was an easy pregnancy, a moderately easy labor, and our daughter was pronounced sound and healthy by both the obstetrician and the pediatrician. She was born in a large, well-run hospital here in Montreal. She came home to a nice little house in one of the better suburbs and no effort was spared to see that she was provided with everything she needed to help her get along, emotionally as well as physically.

She had a cold, perhaps two, in the first few weeks, but aside from them, she was a wonder child. She rarely cried, yet before she was three months old, she was alert enough to play with a toy

strung across her bassinet. And she smiled and cooed to herself when she was awake. She gained in weight regularly and she seemed to thrive on fresh air. She was loved and wanted by all her family; and yet I can remember feeling fear because I had so much happiness.

And then, one bright morning, I put my laughing, red-haired baby into her carriage and wheeled her to the porch. She cried for a minute or two, but as I watched her from the window, she settled down.

Called away for a few hours, I left the children in the care of a girl who had come in to do some sewing for me—a girl who had many times taken full charge of larger families and younger babies than mine, and was completely competent. I expected to be back in time for the baby's next feeding.

When I came down the street to my house, about three hours later, I was met at the corner by a neighbor's child, who told me to come quickly, because the baby wouldn't wake up. My baby was lying, just as I had put her out to sleep, but she had been dead for more than two hours.

Why did my baby die?

The death certificate, after an autopsy at the city morgue, gave the cause of death as "acute congestive oedema of the lungs—hypertrophy of thymus." What it meant was that death was attributed to an enlarged thymus gland, a gland present in all newborn infants which normally shrinks and almost disappears as the child grows.

But, my own doctor told me the thymus was *not* the cause, and that an enlarged thymus as a killer of infants is a myth. It is a myth I have found to be still widely believed. Since losing our own child we have heard of more than a dozen similar cases.

And in each case the thymus was blamed. If the thymus is not to blame, what are the true causes of these sudden deaths? How did this myth of the thymus come about? How many mothers are going to continue to wonder, as I did at first, whether they might have prevented sudden death by having their baby X-rayed at birth?

In my own case, I shall never know why my baby died. But for other mothers, who may wonder and blame themselves, I ask... why?

—MARYLYN WORNELL, Montreal.

A doctor answers . . .

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., *Director, Child Health Clinic*

Every now and then an apparently healthy baby is found dead in his crib or carriage. Such catastrophes are rare, but they do occur and even though many physicians have labored diligently on this problem, they have not found the cause of some of these deaths or how to prevent them.

About thirty years ago many of these deaths were thought to be due to an enlarged thymus gland which compressed and finally completely blocked the windpipe. The thymus in a child weighs from one to one and a half ounces. It is located under the breastbone in the upper middle part of the chest. After puberty, the thymus becomes smaller. Apart from the fact that it manufactures some of the white blood cells for our blood, its function is still a mystery. Actually the thymus rarely has any

connection whatever with the windpipe, and when it does, it is because it has an unusual tongue-like projection extending up into the neck. Today, in the scientific studies that are published on these sudden deaths, you rarely hear any mention at all of the thymus gland, although as we said before, thirty years ago this was a common theory. You might wonder why.

If a baby is sick or even takes little or no food for a day or so, his thymus shrinks greatly in size. Consequently when the body of such a baby is examined after death, which as you know is done to assist physicians in diagnosing and treating similar diseases, the thymus is small. If a well baby dies suddenly, his thymus will naturally be the normal size. In the early stages of these thymus investigations, these

normal thymuses were thought to be abnormally large when they were compared with the shrunken thymuses found in sick babies, and these so-called "large" thymuses were blamed for some of these babies' deaths.

Thirty years ago too it was quite common to take an X-ray picture of the neck and upper chest of a young baby to see if his thymus was large. If it was thought to be large the physicians gave him some light X-ray treatments over his thymus with the idea of shrinking it and so saving him from subsequent harm. Later on some of these babies died suddenly even though they had been so treated and no evidence of their thymuses pressing on their windpipes was found. So the X-ray treatment was not a sure preventative. Other physicians found that

if they took two X-ray films of the same baby a few seconds apart that the shadow they thought was his thymus gland was different in the two films. In other words they were not able to determine the size of the baby's thymus by means of the X-ray. Now physicians are confident that it is very rarely that a baby's thymus has anything to do with his sudden death.

More recently many of these deaths have been blamed on suffocation but here again, although this can happen, it is relatively rare. For example prior to 1928, from twenty to thirty-five babies per year were reported to have died of suffocation in Birmingham, which at the time had a population of about half a million people. After 1928 very careful post mortem examinations were made on all such babies. The physicians found that nearly all of them had actually died of lung infections, sometimes complicated with acute ear infections as well and only three or four per year could really be blamed on suffocation. Many other physicians have also found that the majority of these babies have died as the result of sudden, overwhelming infections which may cause no symptoms whatever, not even a fever. Other physicians believe that some of these babies died of shock, a few of tetany and even a few of acute allergic reactions. Other physicians have shown that you can't asphyxiate a normal baby even by holding his head in a pillow.

Of course you don't want to take any chances on your baby suffocating and here are some rules to remember.

1. Don't use a pillow. If you want to raise the head of his mattress, put a pad underneath it. Also use a firm mattress.

2. Don't put your baby to sleep on his tummy when he is little as he can't hold his head up steadily. Lay him on his side—on his right side after one feeding, on his left after the next, so that his head won't get flattened.

3. Buy big enough rubber sheets, cotton sheets and blankets so that they can be tucked in well at the sides and bottom, but don't shove them in so tightly that he can't wriggle around. Clips tied by tape to the top corners of the crib will help to keep the blankets in place. Anchor the quilted pads firmly with tapes or strong pins.

4. Don't leave a bib around his neck when you put him to bed and see that the necks of his nightgown, coat and sleeping bag are not tight. Be sure he can't get the restraining harness around his neck or his head wedged between the slats of his cot.

5. Never take your baby into your bed to feed him at night. You might fall asleep and roll over on him. Believe it or not, this does happen.

6. Always hold him in your arms when you feed him—never prop his bottle up and leave him with it. Burp him thoroughly after his feeding and don't be in too big a hurry to get him back in his crib after his night feeding.

You can judge from what we have said that many young babies are not able to handle infections well. Therefore you should do your best to keep him from being exposed to people with colds, coughs, tonsillitis, the flu and any other ailments. Streetcars, crowded stores and any other place where people congregate are possible danger spots for babies. ♦

THEIR SECRET WORLD

Continued from page 51

"Not your father?" Jim asked, surprised.

Jenny stopped short, stared ahead of her. "I love them both," she said slowly, "but . . ." She saw distant things for a moment. "But I don't like

either one of them very much. Only Timmy . . ."

Jim was silent and shocked beside her. He stole a worried glance at her, saw something else that wasn't pretty about her, a tightness beside her nose that stretched down by the firm young mouth. Loveliness fled from the moment; he hated the town and the school and the street. He hated the deep stirring love for her that was even stronger than his hatred of it.

A car turned the corner. The line

by Jenny's nose deepened suddenly as it drew up beside them. E. J. called out, "So here you are. I've been all over for you. Just what are you doing?"

"Walking home," Jenny said.

"On this street? Where do you think you live?"

Jenny made no answer. E. J. flicked an important glance at Jim. "And while you're doing this, just what do you think happens to your brother?"

"What?" Jenny gasped. "What, where is he?"

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"Stop that and get in this car." But Jenny had flung herself in. Jim heard himself call after her, "Jenny!" But she was pounding on her father's shoulder with small clenched fists. "Where is he, where is he, what's happened?"

E. J. started the car with a rush, then he slowed down, driving very slowly, as though he were telling her something. Bristol Road was two curving streets. About half a block cutting through gardens and hedges. Jim took a good sprint and made it. There it

was, the house, the glistening lawn sign, and there was Timmy, placidly riding up and down, making the sound of an airplane motor. Two strange women, neighbors, stood watching him. They stopped talking when Jim came and left abruptly when E. J. drove up with Jenny.

Jenny got out. She just stood there, looking at Timmy. Whatever E. J. had told her, it wasn't that. She turned angered, incredulous eyes to her father, back to Tim.

"Missing," E. J. said accusingly, "for two hours this afternoon. If his name hadn't been in his jacket pocket, no one would have known who he was. The neighbors phoned me, the police phoned me. Your mother had hysterics. Accused Minerva of stealing him. And what were you doing?"

Jenny scorned the obvious answer. Her face was white, her eyes blazing, her mouth old. E. J. got back in the car and drove away. Jenny went and sat on the steps, watching Timmy.

There was nothing for Jim to say. He reached in his pocket for something for Timmy, found a folder of movie stars. He gave it to Timmy, who examined it soberly, without much interest.

"Say thank you to Jim," Jenny reminded automatically, and Tim said, "Thank you to Jim."

It was getting late. Daylight gathered gently and tenderly about Bristol Road. It blinked suddenly bright on the iridescent sign. E. J. Hempenwell. It highlighted Jenny, waiting on the doorstep, and Jim waiting protectively beside her.

A blue sedan stopped quietly before the house and a woman got out. Jim took one look at her and said to Jenny, "S'long, call me tonight." Jenny's gaze was on the woman. Jim met her eyes as she passed him. They were clear and blue and lighted from within. That was Minerva.

At dinner his mother didn't mention waiting for him at school, not meeting him. Her being so nice hurt him, but he couldn't explain so he escaped to the study soon after dinner. He sat with his books spread before him, his eyes on the telephone. Jenny wouldn't call until late. Minerva was there, things would be different. He didn't know how, but Minerva would do something.

He did most of his assignments, looked at the telephone again. Ten o'clock. That was still early. Except that Jenny wasn't going to call. Not ever again. He knew that, he had known it this afternoon. Jenny wouldn't ever call him again.

He dialed her number, listened to the ring. No one answered. Where were they? Surely Timmy was home, in bed, someone must be there with him. Where was Jenny? He hung up, waited, dialed again, listened to the continuous ringing. He kept right on. Twice the operator spoke to him, and the second time he heard the ringing stop.

"Jenny?" he asked.

There was no answer, no sound.

"Jenny!" he said firmly. "Jenny, are you there?"

She was there, he knew. He remembered how still she could be. How breathless.

"Jenny, I'm coming right over. I'll be right there. Just wait, Jenny. I'm coming."

His mother was in the kitchen, she couldn't hide the alarm in her startled eyes as he hurried past her. "This kid," he muttered, "I may be late. Don't worry," he added authoritatively, and saw her sit back helplessly while his heart cried out to her, "it's not you, not you. Why must you always think it's you? You're all right, you're okay, wonderful. This is my life, for Pete's sake!"

He drove quickly to Bristol Road. His headlights picked up the sign and he stopped right there. The garage and the drive were empty. There were no lights anywhere. The front door yielded to his touch and he went in, snapping on the lights as he went.

She must be downstairs, in the game room by the telephone extension. It was where she always phoned him. He snapped on the lights down there too.

She was sitting on the leather sofa, curled up in the corner, staring ahead of her. She did not turn when he called, or when he came near her. He

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spoke gently, "Jenny, what's happened? What's wrong? Where are they?"

"Out. Out for dinner. Together."

"With Minerva?"

She shook her head, her words pushed unwillingly through her lips. "She took Timmy with her."

"Took him! How can she?"

"She said till they came to their senses, both of them. She took him and stopped the allowance. Till they grow up."

"Maybe it's best," Jim said quietly.

"Yes, it's best. For Timmy."

"And for them," Jim said.

"And for them."

She didn't say the rest of it. But Jim knew this made it different for Jenny, not better, just different. She had built a shield for Timmy and this shield has been for her, too, against the world. He had got round it but no one else had. He struggled for words, the right words. "You have me, I'll always love you, Jenny. I'll never quarrel with you, or make love to the maids. You can be sure of me. No matter what happens, ever, you can just say, 'Jim' and I'll hear you. Like tonight, you didn't even have to dial the telephone."

Her eyes considered, her voice challenged. "And when we grow up?"

"I won't change, ever."

After a moment her hand clasped his, she said joylessly, "I love you, too, Jim. But how do I know what I am—now? How do you know?"

Jim drove home. His mother was playing her big solitaire, the one that hardly ever came out. He wasn't late and she smiled her bright smile, full of self-reproachful trust.

"Jim?" she asked, "Would you like to go back to Drake? I thought perhaps . . ."

"Mother, please don't try so hard. I like it here fine. Just don't sit up for me, drive back and forth to school for me. Don't worry. You've nothing to worry about and, if anything should come up, all you have to do is tell me about it. 'Kay?'"

The thought seemed slow in coming to her, then her face broke into a smile, not the dreadful bright one, but the small delicious one that he had nearly forgotten.

"Why yes, Jim. Yes. I believe I'll do just that."

He was free for Jenny now, but somehow all the next day he missed her. After school he started for Bristol Road, and he saw Jenny just turning the curve ahead. Joe was with her, and someone else. Artie Lynch. He caught up with them.

"The more the merrier," Artie Lynch said, and Jenny commented, "Original, if nothing else." Her edgy humor seemed just right for the afternoon. She looked different too. It was her hair, it wasn't pulled back with the old ribbon any more, it was clipped off short about her head, it curled. She wore lipstick, a matching red scarf, and a whole armful of bracelets that he suspected were Petty's.

Petty was out in the front yard, putting in tulip bulbs. She looked young and very pretty. The boys stared at her at first. They'd heard things about Jenny's mother, but they seemed to forget them quickly enough in her friendliness.

"Who's hungry, besides me? There's fresh cake."

The kitchen looked wonderful, everything shining and put away. It was a baker's cake, but a good one. Artie Lynch ate two pieces and finished off nearly a whole bottle of milk. Joe spilled some and Jim wiped it up quickly with the tea towel, so Petty wouldn't be discouraged. She took the tea towel from him, and he saw her hands shaking, but she smiled. She was trying, trying hard. She felt safer this way. She was safer, because Minerva was making them both toe the line, E. J. as well as herself. She was being firm and sure, and there hadn't been any firmness or sureness before. It was better this way. Artie Lynch laughed, Jenny sparkled. After a while she wouldn't miss Timmy so much.

Jim left first. There wasn't much sense hanging around, he'd see Jenny tonight.

His mother went out that evening. She was going, along with Russ Potter and his wife, to a party. It might be late. She felt all right about him now. She was going on with her own life. As soon as the door closed, Jim went to the telephone.

Petty answered, gay and friendly.

"No, Jim, she isn't here."

"She's not?" His comment asked where she was. "I was going to help her with her geometry."

"I think she finished it before she went out."

Jim hesitated. What did Petty know about Jenny's homework, or geometry? She was stalling him off, she'd know how to do that.

"I'll call later," he decided.

He was a little angry at Petty. She could have said where Jenny had gone. He went back to his homework, but pushed it aside to call Joe. He asked for the Latin assignment, and Joe told him. So, she wasn't out with Joe!

He called Artie Lynch. He wasn't there. He'd gone to the library for a book, his mother said.

So, she was out with Artie Lynch, because it wasn't even possible that Artie Lynch had gone to the library for a book.

Jim sat back and thought about it. Artie Lynch went with Mary Deane Scott. He had the inside track there anyhow. Everyone liked Mary Deane. People hardly noticed Jenny. Except that, when more than one boy hung around a girl, it sort of started the others too, and there'd been Joe, and himself, and Jenny'd cut her hair, and worn a red scarf and lipstick, and a load of bracelets, and her voice was teasing and deep. So now there was Artie Lynch. The thing had started. Jenny would be rushed.

He smiled, thinking of Jenny being rushed. She'd like that. She would like it a lot. And everyone ought to rush Jenny. When she was happy, and not scared or worried, she was so darn cute, like no other girl on earth.

He kept phoning her every hour. Petty kept saying she wasn't there. Finally Jenny answered.

"Oh Jim, it's you?"

"None other. Where were you?"

"Out with Artie."

"Good for you. Look, don't forget Friday night now, the gym dance."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

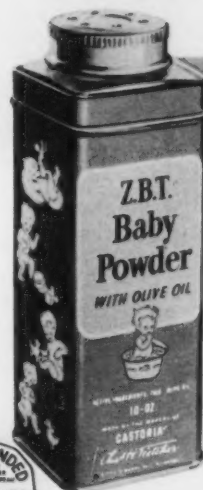
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Z.B.T.

the only baby powder that
MOISTURE PROOFS

baby's tender skin

**AGAINST DIAPER
IRRITATION**



Don't let Baby cry from harmful moisture irritation! Nurses use Z.B.T. Baby Powder . . . the only Baby Powder that contains soothing olive oil—actually sheds moisture. Give your Baby's delicate skin long-lasting protection against diaper rash, prickly heat, chafing and urine scald. For Baby's comfort do what so many hospitals do—use Z.B.T. after every diaper change and bath. They know Z.B.T. is safe for Baby—contains no boric acid or zinc stearate.

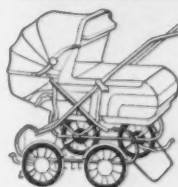
You'll love the clean, fresh fragrance, too!

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Lloyd LINE



LLOYDLITE

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Feather-
weight—
No other
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it in all
the world.

Lloyd

Steel
The world's
finest steel
carriages.



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style and price

Compare each Lloyd Carriage with all others at similar price and you'll see the difference! Quality you can see . . . quality you can feel . . . these have made Lloyd the name for value in carriages through three generations!

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Travel-Crib
Helps solve the "sitter problem"—take baby and bed with you!



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Here is Queen Elizabeth making a long-distance call home, as thousands of Canadians do every day.

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The First White Woman the Eskimos Ever Saw

by Mrs. I. O. Stringer

This is one of the few photos of Bishop and Mrs. Stringer taken during their 33-year stay in Canada's Northland. Mrs. Stringer's memoirs are the saga of a woman in the Arctic in the '90's, whose husband was "The Bishop who ate his boots".



Would your husband laugh if you wore this hat?

Maybe, but he doesn't realize that a hat, to a woman, is more than something to wear. It's an outlook, a philosophy and a treatment. According to Anne Clark, a leading milliner, a man *should* laugh at a woman's hat. It's when he stops that it's time to worry.



Also in this issue of Maclean's

- "How to cook without a stove" — a full report on the latest craze in cooking — the barbecue.
- "Should Atomic Tests be Banned?" Don't miss this important and searching article by Dr. N. J. Berrill of McGill University.

PLUS ALL REGULAR FEATURES

Be sure to read the July 9 issue
on sale June 28

MACLEAN'S

Canada's National Magazine

Continued from previous page

"I promised Artie."
"Oh. Well, look, I'll be right over."
"No. Jim?"
"What is it?"
"I can't see you any more."
"I don't get it."
"I'm going steady. With Artie Lynch."

"But Jenny—"
"I know, Jim. I told him you were my best friend, and . . ."

"Look," Jim said again, "it's all right with me if you date Artie. I'm not jealous. That would be selfish."

"I know you're not, of course not, Jim. It isn't you. It's Artie, he's selfish. Very. He'd be awfully, awfully, awfully jealous if I saw you at all. He wouldn't go steady."

"But I would."

She didn't put it into words, although he heard it. But we were different. We've lived it all. You've known all the ugly parts of my life, the parts I'm not going to think about any more. We've known each other's pain, and humiliation, the wild, wonderful beauty of love. With nothing more than a chaste young kiss, we've belonged. There's nothing left. We're an old, old couple, sitting on a park bench, not needing to speak, just waiting. I don't want that, Jim.

He didn't speak, either. They both tried in the breathless waiting silence. Jenny's way of not crying. And his.

Something broke the stillness. It was just the homely click of the thermostat turning on the heat, because it was growing colder out. It was as though the house cared, even if he did not. It taunted him, this house, where no harsh words had been spoken, where his mother was living moment by moment

to meet the challenge of her loneliness. They were so right, people had said. And they had been. He was an intrusion here with the things he knew, the way he was feeling.

He went outside, backed the car into the street. He drove slowly across town, just around through landscaped curving roads. He ought to be angry with Jenny; he ought to decide she was shallow. But she wasn't shallow, and he wasn't angry. He loved her.

He turned down Jenkins Avenue. The lights were out downstairs in the Scotts' house, but they shone from the bedroom windows and he stopped, went up the steps and rang the bell. The porch light went on, spotlighting him. The door opened.

"Hello, Jim Gordon! How are you?" That smile was for everyone, but, for just a moment, it was for him. It flashed on him now and, in the garish light of the porch, it was still terrific.

"Hi! I was just passing and I wondered if you'd go to the dance with me Friday?"

"Why!" The three letters soared with delight. "I'd love to. Marvelous. Thank you."

"Swell! See you in school. 'Night."

"'Night." She smiled again as he went down the steps and drove off. He kept seeing her there, hearing her voice, the lift of it lingering with him. He'd send her a wrist corsage, he'd dance every dance with her, he'd take the car and he'd drive her home slowly and kiss her good night. He'd get a mad crush on her, he'd go steady. He'd go out for athletics, he could see himself leaving the field, hear the grandstand cheers.

And he could hear, too, that odd little voice that would always be somewhere, saying, "Jim!" +

The Demon Couldn't Wreck This Table Top

RECENTLY a destructive demon was at work in the Institute. In the guise of an Institute technician, this fiend could be seen pouring boiling water on a brand-new coffee table. On the same table she spilled nail polish, let it dry and removed it with acetone; she left soapy water and sour milk on the table overnight; she spilled perfume and smeared butter; most fiendish treatment of all—she even butted a cigarette on the surface.

This seeming callousness had a purpose—to test a furniture finish sent in for approval. Accidents *do* happen, even in the best-regulated households, and our demon made them all happen on purpose. None of these diabolical treatments left a mark. To complete the testing, the table went to the laboratory, where it was further punished by 100,000 strokes of a wet soapy brush wielded by a furious mechanical arm. No wearing was noticeable. In all tests, the furniture finish passed with flying colors, so Chatelaine Seal of Approval was awarded to Vila-Seal Furniture Finish.





IT'S PLAIN TO SEE...

this dull and dingy old bathroom suffers from old-fashioned fixtures. Imagine what a difference remodelling can make. Suggested is just one idea (with new fixtures placed exactly where the old ones stood). It features two N.I.D.C. award-winners: WESTLAND wash basin and Dial-Ese trim; with CRITERION bath and DREXEL toilet.

CRANE

*adds new youth and beauty
to an old bathroom!*



Bathrooms can be brighter, more beautiful than ever today—with the handsome new fixtures in lovely colors that are yours to choose in the modern CRANE line. And no expensive structural changes are required.

Ask your plumbing and heating contractor. He can show you how today's Crane fixtures—bathtubs, toilets and wash basins—can work wonders—at far less cost than you probably think!

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WHITE DRESS BY JANE DERBY

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TASTE the extra-bright tang of Coke, the zest it adds to fine food.

SERVE ice-cold Coca-Cola with meals to make them brighter and better.

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Enjoy it often for extra-bright refreshment — ice-cold Coca-Cola, so pure and wholesome.

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August
1955

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